THE ALBION

NEW SERIES. VOL. 6. NO. 22.

OR

BRITISH, COLONIAL AND FOREIGN WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PRICE, SIX DOLLARS] CŒLUM, NON ANIMUM, MUTANT, QUI TRANS MARE CURRUNT. [PER ANNUM.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 22, 1822. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1847. OFFICE, NO. 3 BARCLAY STREET.

LITERATURE.

OH! THE HEART IT IS A TREASURE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

Oh! the heart it is a treasure
That should not be lightly won,
To be thrown aside at pleasure,
When the festive hour is done;
'Tis a jewel that, to cherish,
Should be still thy dearest boast;
For when all beside it perish,
Will its worth be known the most?

If that heart for thee is beating,
Use it gently lest it break;
Warm and tender be thy greeting,
'Twill grow fonder for thy sake!
And in sickness or in sorrow,
Let thy cure its solace be;
Then 'twill all its gladness borrow
From its sun of hope, in thee?

Oh! the heart it is a blessing,
In its freshness and its youth
Be it thine, 'mid thy caressing,
To preserve it in its truth;
Tis no worldly gem, at pleasure
To be worn or cast aside,
But a firm and priceless treasure,
And more valued when its tried!

SERENADE.

'Tis now the hour when blushing Day,
Like youthful bride, to rest is stealing;
But coy to go, and loath to stay,
One doubtful smile is yet revealing.
But go, sweet day! I would not woo
Thy stay with one poor verse of mine—
Go, and thy veil of deepening hue
Will hide a brighter blush than thine!

And hark! the twilight minstrel now
Sings to the lonely star of even:
So falls the music, faint and slow,
To youthful fancy's dreaming given!
But hush, sweet bird! I would not buy
Thy lay with one poor verse of mine—
Hush! lest thy murmured minstrelsy
Drown a far sweeter note than thine!

A VISIT TO SIR R. PEEL'S GALLERY.

THE DUKE, LORD BROUGHAM, LORD MAHON, &c.

We were one of those who were favoured by Sir Robert Peel on Saturday last with an invitation to see his collection of pictures at his town house in Whitehall Gardens. Having on a former occasion received the same polite permission to go over the splendid gallery at Drayton Manor we were most anxious to compare the two, in order to form some clear idea of the Right Honourable Baronet's taste in pictures.

Reader, we will go back in imagination to the place, and recall the different things and personages we saw. As you entered the mansion, you were first ushered into a room on the ground floor, containing a rare and unique collection of drawings, by Vandyke and Rubens. From a great master, give us, above all, drawings, the more sketchy the better; for in them you have transferred to the paper the sudden conception, fresh from the imagination, and stamped with the true impress of genius. Finished paintings, however perfect, seldom betray the vigour which runs riot in these rough first-fruits of creative powers. Those of which we speak are masterpieces for freedom, and they are characteristic in the highest degree. Who are these admiring them so earnestly—a group striking for their intellectuality? They are Landseer, Mulready, Eastlake, and Turner—men whose names are yet unsanctified by time, but whom the two great masters whose drawings they are admiring, would have treated with respect for their talents, and perhaps have guided to immortality.

The library is perhaps the least interesting room of the whole, yet it is rich with valuable treasures—treasures, which, a century hence, may be recognized as almost invaluable. The whole room is covered with proof prints, most of them presentation copies, of the most remarkable modern pictures; among them the magnificent early landscapes of Turner being the most conspicuous. It is observable that few of the visitors pause in this room. All pass on to the adjoining chamber, the dining-room, where are some of the first indications of the treasures of art the gallery contains. The Reynoldses in this room might alone repay a visit. Although the colours have in some instances gone, nothing can destroy the character of these portraits. That of Dr. Johnson [painted for Mrs. Thrale] tells its own tale; you *know* it must be like, there is so much character in it. The other portraits are those of Sir Joshua himself, of "Bozzy," and George IV., when Prince of Wales. In this room, also, is Wilkie's "John Knox Preaching," and there are some first-rate specimens of Teniers and other painters of the same school.

We were looking somewhat intently at these last, when by the manners of those about us we became conscious that "somebody" had entered the room. Looking round, who should there be a few paces from us but the greatest of living men. Never, for years past, was the illustrious warrior looking in such thorough health. He seemed absorbed, it is true, as usual, but there was a look of cheerfulness, even of gaiety, that told his seventy and more of years still sat lightly on him; and he seemed as deeply interested in the pictures as any one present—nay, more so; for they left off looking at the pictures and gazed at him. But whose is that loud voluble voice talking enough for twenty? Lord Brougham's. There is no mistaking that elongated figure, and those marked features. He strides up to the Duke, talking all the while, and the greeting between the most distinguished civilian and the greatest warrior of the contemporary period is most cordial. The ex-judge, with all the gallantry of his nature, immediately asks to know "where lady Peel is?" and instantly the two walked up stairs to pay their respects.

The painting and decoration of this staircase was the principal reason for the meeting of Saturday. That, and the re-decoration of rooms, and re-arrangement of part of the collection, formed a fit occasion for sending out the invitations, which might otherwise have seemed formal. The style in which the staircase is painted does honour to the artist—Stephens, we were told.

In the drawing-rooms were the best pictures and the most distinguished guests. What a crowd of celebrities of all sorts! What a mingling of classes and professions! Authors, historians, novelists, poets, painters, connoisseurs, picture-dealers, critics, editors of newspapers, all mixed together—some criticising the pictures, more looking at each other. The group in the centre, who are they? Sir Robert Peel, Lady Peel, and one of their daughters—a fair and elegant girl, with the Peel face and a profusion of rich auburn air. Sir Robert does the honours with all his accustomed blandness. By his smile he should seem gratified; and he points out to those whom he knows personally some of the most interesting pictures. He seems to set great store on his Reynoldses.

Let us mingle in the busy throng. Standing near you is the Marquess of Northampton, President of the Royal Society; and that emaciated looking man, with a young lady (apparently his daughter) hanging on his arm, is the Earl of Ripon, formerly known as "prosperity Robinson." He is pale and bent with illness more than with age. You see that middle, round, stout, happy-looking man in spectacles, with a perpetual smile on his countenance, and the carnation on his cheeks? It is the Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian Minister; he who has been raised, on account of his learning and talents, from the humble position of a village schoolmaster to his present high post, and to be one of the most trusted counsellors of his sovereign. Near him is an ambassador of another hemisphere—the American Envoy, Mr. Bancroft. Do you see, speaking to the Chevalier Bunsen, a quiet, modest-looking gentleman, with the Jewish countenance, strongly marked, but in its most favourable aspect, and with a rich colour in his cheeks? It is the Baron Lionel Rothschild—he who was to have been proposed at the next London election; but the Ministers have not introduced a bill to allow the Jews to sit in Parliament. The Baron is a most amiable and intelligent men, one who would be an honour to any nation, or any society. There are English statesmen in abundance; see Lord Mahon—how intelligent his countenance, how piercing his eye. All the gravity which characterizes him in the House of Commons has vanished; he is now laughing and chatting with every one, and criticising the pictures with the air of a connoisseur. That very tall man, with the bald head and supercilious smile, you cannot mistake him—he is Sir James Graham. With him are Mr. Sidney Herbert and his beautiful bride—a fit match. Would all the aristocracy were as well assorted as these two! Near them are the Earl of Lincoln, and Lord Monteagle, and several members of the House of Commons. The tall, lame man, with massive head and an ironical, but good-humoured smile on his intelligent face, is Charles Buller—a man whose full worth has yet to be known. And by him there stands a capital contrast—his colleague in the Colonial Office—Mr. Benjamin Hawes. With all his fussiness and ill-dressing, he is a very useful little man. But it's rather shabby of him, now he is in office, to strive so to forget he ever was a Radical. And there is Mr. Tom Duncombe!—handsome and fashionable as ever; yet (between ourselves) he seems to be beginning to wear a little. A man cannot live and love for ever. Mr. Joe Hume and Mr. Ewart have arrived together. What can Mr. Hume know about pictures?—except, perhaps, their prices. Mr. Ewart is something of a connoisseur. And who is that little retiring man, who slips about at the skirts of the crowd, and pries with his eye-glass close into the pictures? It is Mr. Wyse, member for Waterford, himself an excellent artist, and the artists' friend. To him, this is a real luxury; he is having a positive feast.

But enough of politicians—let us to more congenial subjects. There is Barry, the architect of the new Houses, and the restorer of a national taste in architecture. Prout, Lucas, Stephanoff, Redgrave, Dyce, Howard, Chalon, Copley Fielding—names already familiar in contemporary art; and there is Bailey the sculptor. A little pudgy man, in a small frock coat that *wont* button, with pale, "pock-marked" face, and weak, peering eyes, but a most luscious mouth—pops in and out everywhere, looking now at the pictures, now at the people, sidling among the crowd—now seen a moment, then lost again. It is Etty, painter in ordinary to her celestial majesty Venus, and a man with privileges unattainable by the rest of mankind. Science, too, has its representatives—in Faraday, in De la Beche, in Owen, in Playfair. That open faced, garrulous man, in semi-canonicals, is Dr. Buckland, the Dean of Westminster. A tall, marked man, with broad high shoulders, and striking head—the eyes large, full, and expressive, the nose long, and singularly prone on the face, and the lips fleshy, and pouting—makes his way through the crowd, receives respect and friendly greeting on all sides. It is Hallam, the Historian; seen once, he is never forgotten.

But lo! a picture worth regarding. See you, apart from the rest, two in earnest conversation? The youthful one, in blue frock coat, not too carefully dressed, with a quantity of flowing dark hair, framing a countenance which a youthful, almost feminine expression, strongly contrasts with the strong lines of thought deeply engraved on it—is Charles Dickens! Two years ago, his complexion was pale almost to transparency—now it is browned by travel. But who is his companion—the small, slight old man, with scant silvery locks and bald head, venerable in aspect, and with the stoop of age?—It is Samuel Rogers. Mark the deep respect of the younger man, the kind glance of the old one, in whom Time has not been able to dim the piercing brightness of his eye. Is he admonishing him how fleeting is popular favour? Is he urging him, ere yet his powers are unweakened, to concentrate his strength on some great and perfect production, that shall rivet the regards of posterity?

But we are omitting to allude to the pictures in these rooms, so preoccupied as we have been with the guests. For that matter, we have but done what most of the visitors were doing. However, to our task; and briefly. Two large, staring, coarse pictures, cover one end of the smaller drawing-room; they are out of keeping with the rest of the collection, which consists of some of the choicest specimens of the Dutch and Flemish schools. They are portraits of her Majesty and Prince Albert, by Winterhalter—stiff, formal in design, cold, slaty, and coarse in colouring. Her Majesty is gifted by the artist with a mahogany nose, and a pair of large coarse hands, like a milk-maid's in winter. The picture is a libel on one who is essentially delicate in both the parts thus caricatured. The portrait of the Prince is very German, and the attitude affected and ungraceful. The pictures were presented by her Majesty to Sir Robert Peel.

Now, we are not going at length into the pictures, but shall merely name a few, premising that the collection is chiefly rich in specimens of the Dutch and Flemish schools, the former more especially. There are some masterpieces by Teniers, Vandevelde, Cuyp, Van Ostade; indeed, by all the most celebrated of those schools. Rubens' picture, the "Triumph of Silenus," is a perfect specimen of all his beauties, and most of his faults. A more remarkable picture is the celebrated "Chapeau de Paille," painted without shadows, and of which the colours are delicate beyond all we can conceive of oil painting. For the history of this picture, the reader may consult anybody at any dinner-table. All the papers have told it during the week. There are some magnificent Cuyps: one, called "An Old Castle," gives Cuyp a better claim than any of his picture to be called "the Dutch Claude." It fairly took us by surprise. Of two Cuyps in the collection, we may tell the early history. The French revolution, or rather, its consequences, drew them from an old chateau in Holland. A gentleman who told us the story, was one day wandering along the sea-shore, in Holland, when a violent rain compelled him to seek shelter in a fisherman's cottage. Stopping up the windows were two dirty, disfigured pieces of painted canvas, which our friend purchased for a shilling each. He afterwards sold them at Rotterdam for forty pounds; and they afterwards gradually advanced in the picture peerage till Sir R. Peel purchased them for six hundred or eight hundred pounds a-piece—not more than their value. In leaving the Dutch pictures in this room, we should not forget to observe that there are some pictures of first rate excellence by Hobbima. Besides their intrinsic value, they are also of importance from their rarity.

A third and smaller drawing-room contains four most interesting pictures. Lawrence's portrait of Miss Peel (Lady Villiers, when a child), is exquisite; and E. Landseer's portrait of another daughter is also very fine. It engraves admirably. The other two pictures are by Reynolds—one a portrit of Keppel, masterly and full of character; the other, the well-known "Snake in the Grass."—*Court Journal.*

THE ANCIENT PALACE OF GREENWICH (PLACENTIA) AND THE DAYS OF THE TUDORS.

Concluded.

Spanish wines, Canary wines, Greek wines, were to be had in abundance: to these often succeeded what Harrison calls "sundrie sort of artificial stuffe;" such as hypocras and wormwood wine; also clarey, or claret, and brachet. The stronger the wine, the better were the company pleased; and as they grew merry over their cups, they were wont to call the strongest wine *theologicum*; and to send for a supply of it from the parson of the parish, in case their own failed. This scandal surely must have been before the Reformation. The clayre or claret was, it must be mentioned, a compound mixture, like hypocras; and receipts for the crafte to making of clayre," the "crafte to make ypocras," the "crafte for braket," were to be found in the possession of every good superintendant of a household. Fancy such a compound as the following:—

"*The Receipt to make Clayre or Claret.*—For eighteen pounds of good wyne, take half a pound of gynger, a quarter of a pound of longe pepper, an once of saffron, a quarter of an once of coliaunder, two onces of calomole dromaticum, and a third of as moche honey that is claryfyed as of youre wyne; strayne thym thro a clothe, and doo it into a clene vessel."

This sounds more like an apothecary's prescription than a cook's or steward's compound for a jovial feast. The wine was not set on the table in cups and cruises, but each one called for a cup of such as he "listed to have," and having drunk, he delivered the cup to one of the servants, who, having cleansed it, restored it to the cupboard—a sort of sideboard set in stages—from whence he had fetched it. By this custom much drinking was, it was thought, avoided; "for should the full pots," observes old Harrison, "stand continually at the elbow, or near the trencher, divers would alwaies be dealing with them; whereas they now drink seldom, or only when necessitie urgeth." Nevertheless, sobriety was by no means a virtue of our ancestors. In Queen Elizabeth's time, thirty-six different sorts of wine were in common use; and certain noblemen had each permission to import a considerable quantity of wine free from impost. Nor must we forget, in particular, to mention the beer; since

"Heresy and hops, picarreel and bere,
Came into England all in one yeare;"

the Reformation being signalised by the introduction of liquors distilled from hops. When our nobleman or knight had come in hot from the chase, it was then in his power to call for a cup of March beer,—generally a year old for the gentle, scarcely a month old for the domestics, who often covenanted to have their beer as old and their bread as new as possible. How little is that class altered in some of its characteristics!

And what was the conversation during all this plentiful banquet? What the intellectual resources by which it was succeeded? Let us look in imagination upon the supposed assembly at noon-day in the Hall of Placentia, let us follow its personages to their afternoon's diversions. There sit the magnates of the land, in their doublets and petticoats, and breeches stuffed out with horsehair and cotton, on account of which it was found necessary, according to the testimony of an old Harleian manuscript, to make a scaffold round the parliament house in Henry's time, the members who wore these huge, bombastic garments, not being able to sit on the ordinary seats. They are waited upon by cup-bearers and servitors, bareheaded, who, when the repast was ended, clear away the crumbs from the cloth with a large wooden knife. Among them are the class of *buffetiers*, corrupted into beefeaters; these had the care of the sideboard.

Silence at table was deemed an essential of good breeding; and well it might be, for swearing was in its zenith at this period. The hospitality of the English, exceeded only by that of the Scotch, was universally acknowledged by foreigners.

After the dinner came, on *fête* days, the Mystery or Morality, composed in a tragi-comic style, with a strong devotional tendency, interspersed with low humour. The Mystery always exhibited some scriptural story, most ludicrously versified (though with no profane design); the Morality had more contrivance, and often broke out into a bold originality. The famous "Coventry Play," for instance, is said, though in a gross and rude style, to have forestalled the idea of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; nor is it to be wondered at that those fierce and uncontrollable spirits, those free imaginations heightened by a picturesque superstition, should display themselves in efforts of true though uncultivated genius.

I must not forget the ballad-singing, which rose in its style, and consequently in public favour at this period; nor music in general. For the Tudors loved it; one of the few gentle characteristics of that family was a taste for that science. Henry VIII. was a composer as well as performer; his son understood it well, and played on the lute before the French ambassador: and even the gloomy Mary was not unskilled in the art.—"Use sometimes for your recreation," writes the broken-hearted Katharine to her, "your virginals, and lute if you have any;" and this wise injunction was prefaced by a solemn exhortation "to suffer cheerfully, to trust in God, to keep the heart clene." Great, indeed, was the mind from which these instructions proceeded. The virginals, be it known, was an instrument contained in an ill-shaped, clumsy box, apparently the first of our keyed instruments, and was entirely laid aside in the 18th century. Queen Elizabeth, too, excelled on the virginals, and played even on the violin, as well as the poliphant, an instrument like a lute, now quite obsolete: and each of these monarchs had a royal band, which played during dinner-time. It was Elizabeth's pleasure to listen to twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums during her repast, and these, together with fifes, cornets, and side-drums, made the hall ring for half-an-hour together; for that masculine animal delighted in loud music. This taste for music was general all over the country; it was an indispensable accomplishment of fashionable life.

Music, which, as old Fuller observes, "sang its own dirge at the time of the Reformation," had not then arrived at its period of entombment; it was, however, defective in originality, and partook of the pedantry and foppery of the times, eternal fugues upon uninteresting subjects being the test of a composer's merits. Yet even at inns, according to Fynes

Morrison, you were offered music, which you may either take or refuse; and after supper music-books were brought out, and a part was offered to every person who sat round the social board. The streets were gladdened, too, by the sound of instrumental music, from barrel-heads and benches; and blind harpers and tavern minstrels gave, as Puttenham contemptuously relates, "a fit of mirthe for a groat," whilst the tale of Sir Topaz, the adventures of Bevis of Southampton, the exploits of Guy Earl of Warwick, resounded to the eager ears of blacksmiths and inquisitive boys. In the time of the Tudors flourished the great Tallis, whose stupendous song of forty parts, still extant, affords a specimen of his dogged industry. His exertions were carried on in the precincts of Placentia, and the old church of St. Alphage at Greenwich, which was taken down in 1720 to be rebuilt, received his remains. Strype preserved his epitaph; but his bones were heaped into a common mass with those of the great and small, whose bodies lay in St. Alphage. One verse of the inscription runs thus:—

"He served long time in chappele with great prayse,
Foure sovereigns' reignes, a thing not often seen:
I mean King Henry and King Edward's daies,
Queen Marie and Elizabeth our queene."

The musicians of that period, be it observed, were always courtiers; and, whether Protestants or Romanists, contrived to "tune their consciences to the court pitch."

Since the noon-day repast was celebrated by the performance of a noisy band, it may be easily conceived that there could be no conversation; nor were the delights of a calm, social intercourse to be looked for at this period, when, if we may judge by the sermons of Bishop Latimer and other authorities, every judge was corrupt. Murder went unpunished; insolence to the poor was above control, even their wages went unpaid; the very gentlewomen of London, according to Philip Stubbes, were grossly immoral. The women, too, were manly; the men, especially in Elizabeth's reign, were said to be growing *womanish*: one scarcely knows which of these two evils is the most revolting. "The old manly courage," writes Dr. Cains, "sterile courage and painfulness of England are utterly driven away; in the stead thereof men nowadays receive womanliness, and become nyce, not able to withstande a blaste of wynde." The fashion of revenging wrongs by private assassination marks more plainly the decline of chivalry than any other circumstance. The show of it still remained in Henry's days, and many were the fierce encounters on the tilt-yard of Greenwich. The jousts formed, probably, no infrequent topic of discourse, even whilst bright eyes looked out, and graceful forms were passing to and fro in the halls of Placentia. One word about the language of this period. Three distinct tongues, or rather two languages and a dialect, were spoken and written in this island, besides the English and the Scottish. The Cornish was then a language of a distinct character, and is said to have excelled the Welsh in sweetness; the Welsh was another, the Erse a third: and of these the Cornish has alone entirely ceased to exist.

The dance and the banquet finished, on some occasions, the long day. What a chapter might be written on this charming subject! But I must hasten past it to matters of fact and note connected with the history of Placentia. Fancy, however, its gallery dimly lit up with sconces, for chandeliers came not until Elizabeth's days (the first ever seen in this country were at Penshurst, and were given by her to the lord of that place). Dark enough, doubtless, were the ante-chambers; and dark we, in our days of extravagant light, should call the very gallery itself. Yet it was illumined by gorgeous dresses, on the gold gardings of which the light fell, by blazes of diamonds, by white plumes, and whiter necks and shoulders; for, as I take it, complexion has been on the decline in England for these two centuries, the pure, unmixed blood of our ancestors giving that mark of aristocratic delicacy in its fearful perfection. But, hold! ere I begin this all important topic and venture to conduct my readers into the gallery where Elizabeth trod a measure, or sanctioned La Volta by her regal favour, let me see what changes came over Placentia in the latter portion of her father's time, and in the gloomy interregnum of all joy and the brief period of all holiness of her brother Edward's and bigotry of her sister Mary's time.

A true tragedy was enacted at Placentia, when the happy, the kind, yet *not* immaculate Anne Boleyn was summoned from its shades to meet her doom. It followed fast upon a scene of merriment, for a grand tournament had been held, and Anne, recently recovered from an unpropitious child-birth, was the fair star by which the gallants of the court were guided in their homage. Her brother, the accomplished and ill-fated Lord Rochford, and Henry Norris, a gentleman of the privy-chamber, were the challenger and defendant in these fatal lists. In the course of the proceedings, Anne dropped a handkerchief. Norris, it has been asserted, took it up; and the king, in great wrath, quitted the tilt-yard. The scene was speedily concluded, for Anne, alarmed and surprised by this outbreak of jealous fury, hastened from the jousts, and embarked in her barge for Westminster, bidding a last adieu to the peaceful beauties of Placentia, which she never more beheld. Three years before, that palace had been honoured by the birth of Elizabeth, of whom her hapless mother predicted, even when her own doom was decided, "that her conditions should be noble," and noble they were.

With the death of Anne, the festivities of Placentia were not wholly closed; for here Henry, then helpless and disgusting in person, entertained the twenty-one Scottish nobles who had been taken at Solway Moss, and here gave them their liberty, unransomed. The tyrant perished from off the face of the earth, and the delicate form, and stately though youthful presence of King Edward, graced Placentia. It was not, as has been erroneously stated, his birthplace; but it was the home in which his last sigh was breathed. The short span of life which he was destined to run could not, after his accession, have been a very happy period. The cabals of the great crown officers; the struggles between the young king's sense of duty to his people and love for the Seymour family; the insurrections and the freedom of religious discussions, to say nothing of the fearful visitation of the sweating sickness, must have grieved his tender, premature heart. And then the obstinacy of his eldest sister and proposed successor on the subject of religion, grieved a spirit as patriotic as it was pious.

He heard of the certainty of his early doom without a murmur. The people believed him to be sinking under a slow poison, administered by the Duke of Northumberland; but pulmonary disease was far advanced. During his decline, his fears, too surely realised of his sister's bigotry, saddened a spirit fit for heaven. How few youths of seventeen would face death calmly for themselves, yet fear its effects for others! His gradual decay was hastened by the violent remedies of a low quack, a female doctor, employed, with no good designs, by the Duke of Northumberland. Placentia witnessed his agonies and his patience. As he lay expiring, he sent for his sisters; they came, but hearing by the way that he was dying, with characteristic hardness they turned back. No kindred stood by his death-bed, but he expired in the arms of a Sidney; and his setting rays of reason were brightened by immortal hopes. And thus from Placentia passed away that face and form of grace and beauty, and those eyes of starry lustre, upon which historians have fondly expatiated. "He was," says Bishop Nicolson, "the historian of his own reign; for his noted journal, printed from the Cotton MS. by Bishop Burnet, contains an admirable registers of characters, events, and opinions."

During the mournful reign of Queen Mary, Placentia seems to have been deserted; but brighter days were in store for those who lingered about the old haunts of the gay and courtly, and who trusted that they might yet live to see sports and pastimes succeed the monastic gloom of Mary's time. Elizabeth fulfilled these expectations, for Placentia became her summer residence; and here that famous order of council, forbidding any nuncio from the Pope to enter this realm, was passed.

One of the favourite spectacles of the Tudor monarchs was the muster of the City watch. This was a guard supported by the different companies, and subjected to military rules; it amounted to fourteen hundred men. And at Greenwich, on the lawn behind the palace, they mustered, attired in coats of velvet and chains of gold, with pikes, halberds, and flags, the gunners in coats of mail. At five o'clock in the afternoon, the queen came into the gallery over the parkgate, with the ambassadors and a train of lords and ladies. Then was the guard drawn up in battle array, drums beating and flutes playing the while. An imitation of a close fight ensued. And when, upon the conclusion of the spectacle, the queen thanked the civic authorities heartily, a shout arose which shook the old walls of Placentia, caps were thrown up, and the queen even "showed herself very merry." Well did she, bred up in the heart of England, and well versed in the opinions of every class—nursed as she was by the stern, rugged nurse, Adversity—know the temper of her subjects. She saw that they delighted in military pomps and shows—graced by her presence withal. And quickly, ere the enthusiasm of her loyal people had time to cool, she had set up in Greenwich park a goodly banqueting-house, made with fir-poles, and decked with birch-branches, and all manner of flowers, both of the field and garden, as roses, lavender, marigold, July flowers, and strewed with herbs and rushes; and there were tents for the kitchen and for the officers, and a place for the king's pensioners, who were to run with spears.

The queen rode on horseback to the park-gate, and there witnessed the sport; that being finished, she proceeded to the banqueting-house, and supped. Then came a mask, and then a great banquet, for the previous occasion was a private regaling, seemingly; and then followed great casting of fire and shooting of guns till twelve at night, and then Placentia was still as ever, for the queen soon departed on her progress. Well did she love her country palace, too; and well disposed was she also to Eltham. Greenwich had been her nursery, Eltham her place of recreation; for often, in her infancy, was the future monarch carried over to the latter place for the sake of the air. Doubtless the interest of these scenes, in which Elizabeth so gaily mingled, not merely presiding, was much increased by her single state; for there is something prospective in celibacy. Matrimony is like the last chapter of a stereotyped book: celibacy like an existence of which the prospectus is only drawn out.

And well did Roger Ascham comprehend the mingled coquetry and firmness of Elizabeth's nature, when he read to her his own answer to the inquiry of Steineus, the learned man of Strasburg, as to the queen's marrying. "In the course of her life," thus wrote Ascham, "her majesty resembles Hyppolite, and not Phædra." Hyppolite, be it known, was a queen of the Amazons and a warrior; Phædra was amorous, to use an old-fashioned word. The queen, when this letter was shown to her, read it over very bashfully, but said nothing. And the uncertainty of the mass of her subjects as to her real disposition went on, adding the stimulus of curiosity and conjecture to the other attributes of that divinity which necessarily doth "hedge in a queen."

The times were still picturesque, though no longer chivalric; and the delicate differences of faith, the partial reformation, and the vestiges of old superstition, maintained the showy attributes of the old faith. Old St. Alphage, for instance, had not, when Elizabeth ruled the destinies of Greenwich, lost all its wonted pomp; for the queen, whose sentiments with regard to the reigning faith were always problematical, wished to bring the service of her Reformed Church as near to that of the Romish Church as possible. As a legislator, she was Protestant; as an individual, one might almost risk the assertion that she was inclined to Papacy. One of her first acts was to expunge from the Litany, "From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities, Lord deliver us all!" for which all must commend her. And still there blazed in her chapel lighted tapers; there was to be seen an altar and a crucifix; and the Knights of the Garter, whom Edward had forbidden to worship the altar, revived in her day that custom. Out of her closet Elizabeth's voice was sometimes heard calling upon her chaplain to desist from denouncing the sign of the cross; and she thanked her chaplains for preaching in behalf of the Real Presence. Her objections to the marriage of the clergy are well known. Thus clung to her heart some superstitions of her infancy, heightened perhaps by a detestation of the Puritans, and of the democracy to which their political dogmas tended. What a singular state of confusion was reduced to order and uniformity in process of time by her wise confidence in Archbishop Parker! At first, nothing could exceed the variety of methods in which service was performed. "Some ministers," writes Strype, in his *Annals*, "in a surplice, some without; some with a square cap, some with a round cap, some in a button-cap, and some in a round hat; some in scholars' clothes, and some in others."

But leaving the important questions of the surplice, and the tippet, and the cornered cap to grave assemblies, Elizabeth kept up the spirits of her people by shows and masks, and dances; and Placentia knew in her reign its brightest days. Nor were the diversions, in which the queen shared, always the most refined. "This day," writes Rowland White, "the queen appoints a Frenchman to do feates upon a rope in the conduit court. To-morrow she hath commanded the beares, the bull, and the ape, to be bayted in the tilt-yard; and on Wednesday she will have *solemne* dancing." What a contradiction those terms "solemn dancing" seem to imply! yet there is a dignity, even a degree of enjoyment, in solemn dancing, when performed to fine music, and graced by youth and beauty. Elizabeth was herself the chief performer; and as she grew older, she the more eagerly promoted those diversions which seemed to require agility and youth. Picture her to yourself, in her sixty-seventh year, her red, false hair hanging like golden threads on either side of her face; two large pearls by way of ear-drops; her neck uncovered, as was the custom for all unmarried English ladies; her dress of white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans; and over this a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; an oblong collar of gold and jewels adorned her neck and bosom, dancing away like a damsel of fifteen:

Thus she advanced to join in the grave measures; wherever in her progress she turned her head, the courtiers fell down upon their knees. Her royal father exacted this observance, and James I. was the first who suffered it to be omitted; "one instance," observes an eminent historian, "of the best of the Tudors' superiority in despotism over the most imperious of the Stuarts."

Then began the pavin, "the doleful pavin," as it was called, derived from the French word *pavo*, a peacock, from the peculiarity of the step and measure. For this dance was made still more solemn by the introduction of the *passamezzo* air, which obliged the dancers, after making several steps round the room, to cross it in the middle, in a slow step, or *cinque pace*. This term, passamezzo, was not peculiar to the pavin, but was applied to other dances also, namely, the passamezzo galliard. The pavin was danced by gentlemen dressed in caps and swords; lawyers wore their gowns in the performance, princes their mantles; whilst ladies danced it in long trains, the motions of which in their movements resembled those of the peacock. The pavin is supposed to have been of Spanish origin.

Then came the measure, danced by the gravest characters, even by lawyers in the inns of court, chancellors, chamberlains, and ambassadors. When Beatrice compares a love-suit to a dance, she thus refers to a measure:—"For hear me, hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig; a *measure*, and a cinque pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a *measure full of state* and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave."

Then came the canary dance, performed with various strange fantastic steps, very much in the savage style; and these principal dances were succeeded or intermingled with brawls, corrantoes, galliards, and fancies, or by the bewitching La Volta.

As was the pavin the ancestor of the minuet, so is La Volta the parent of the waltz.

Thus was there a perpetual variety in this fascinating amusement; and the gallery of Placentia was trodden in the mazes of the dance by many a slender nymph or gallant youth, whose names have figured, some bravely, some sadly, in history. In process of time the measure fell into decay rather than disuse. Selden, in his *Table-Talk*, laments that the court of England was much altered. "Formerly," he writes, "at a *solemn* dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony, and at length, to trenchmore and the cushion dance. Then all the company dance; lord and lady, groom and kitchenmaid—no distinction. So in our court in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up; in King James's time things were pretty well; but in King Charles's time there have been nothing but trenchmore and the cushion dance, omnium gatherum, troly-poly, hoity-toity." What a commentary upon the personal influence of a monarch upon the manners of his court!

And it was the queen's pleasure, doubtless, as well at Placentia as elsewhere, not only to have a variety of dances, but to present herself under a variety of aspects to her loving—and, when she looked at them—kneeling courtiers. Doubtless she was, in the early part of her life, if not handsome, yet a very dignified, fascinating person, endowed with that inimitable ease and self possession, not to say assurance, which the consciousness of high rank and impertinent confidence give; and then, such an intellect, such spirits, such bodily strength, and such unscrupulous lavish expense upon her person!

Every one has commended Queen Elizabeth's eyes—the safest feature to commend in a plain woman's countenance. Sir Richard Baker declares, that "they were lively and sweet, but shortsighted; the whole compass of her countenance somewhat long, yet of admirable beauty;" yet no physical charms are said to have been equal to those of her conversation. "She had a piercing eye," says Fuller, "wherewith she used to touch what metal strangers were made of, which came into her presence." What a formidable being! But she counted it, as the same old writer coolly observes, "a pleasant conquest, with her majestick look to dash strangers out of countenance, so she was merciful in pursuing those whom she overcame, and afterwards would comfort and cherish them with her smiles of perceiving towardliness and an ingenuous modestie in them!" Kind enough; but fancy having the whole eyes of an assembled company drawn on one of the queen's most merciful glances!

Whatever opinions might be formed as to her exterior, the queen had a vast respect for the tributes of posterity; for every picture drawn of her by an unskilful or unflattering hand was knocked into pieces and cast into the fire. She left, however, one brilliant testimonial to her charms when she allowed one of the portraits at Hampton Court, that in a fancy dress, to remain. It is painted without a shadow in the face; the very head-dress is a high cap, fantastic in a degree, and evidently taken from the pattern of her majesty's fool. The dress is in the worst possible taste, and decked with jewels. But not always did Elizabeth thus disport herself. At Hatfield there is a portrait of her, which, whilst it points to her turn for allegory and apt devices, displays her in her best looks. The face is handsomer than in her other portraits—it is young. Her head, surmounted by a coronet and aigret, taken from the height of her features, is decorated also with a long gauze veil suspended from the back; her yellow hair, probably in this case her own, falls in two long tresses. On the sleeve of her close-bodied gown is wrought a serpent, and the lining of her robe is embroidered with eyes and ears—this to denote wisdom and vigilance; and truly her wisdom had too often the crookedness of the serpent. In her right hand she holds a rainbow, on which is inscribed this flattering motto:—"*Non sine sole Iris.*" Thus, tall of stature—according to her own opinion, "neither too high nor too low," comely in limb, and full of dignity and courage, Elizabeth received in her presence-chamber at Greenwich, ambassadors, and prelates, and courtiers and wooers. Here, in June, 1585, she was offered the sovereignty of the Low Countries by deputies from the United States; and here, in the following year, she entertained the Dutch ambassador. Let us record in what state, and in how fair a scene, she welcomed these important personages; let us offer a slight sketch of the presence-chamber of Queen Elizabeth in her favourite palace of Placentia, and of the order in which she permitted her adorers to have access to her majestic self.

The walls of the presence-chamber were hung with tapestry, which now, representing landscapes or figures, formed an universal hanging for upper and lower rooms. When first used, tapestry was attached to the bare walls; but it was soon found necessary, in order to prevent the effects of damp, to suspend it on wooden panels at a certain distance from the brick-work or the walls. Thus Shakspeare makes very frequent allusions to the hiding-places afforded. "I will ensconce me behind the arras;" "I whip tme behind the arras," are expressions which can only be explained by knowing how the tapestry was suspended. Such were the walls. The floor of the presence-chamber at Greenwhich was, as Henzner relates, strewn with *hay*—a strange contrast to the increasing magnificence in furniture in these times. At Windsor, the tapestry is said to have shone with gold and silver, and silk of different colours; and this splendour was emulated even by the middle classes. The house of the opulent man, described in a little work called *The Mirrour of Majestrates*, published in 1576, is described as being "hanged with tyssue, arrace, and gold." The cupboard heads set out and adorned upon the richest, costliest and most glorious manner," with one "cuppe cast high upon another;" and all this with a floor strewn with hay!

The state in which the queen came forth from her apartment into her presence-chamber at Greenwich, to go to prayers, was such as the ghost of Wolsey might have approved. First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bareheaded; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse between two persons, one of whom carried the sceptre; the other the sword of state, carried in a red scabbard studded with golden *fleur-de-lis*.

Then appeared the queen. I have said enough of her ordinary attire to show that she would not ill accord with the stately chamber along which she moved. And an admirable actress was she in this living pageant! for she did not move along like a puppet, but, as she walked towards her chapel, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another whether foreign ministers or others; and English, French, Italian, Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch, came alike easily and fluently to this matchless queen—this hateful woman; and as she spoke, he to whom she addressed herself sank on his bended knees. The ladies of the court followed next, dressed, for the most part, in white. On either side her majesty was guarded by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel next the hall, petitions were offered to her, which she received most graciously; whilst acclamations of "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" answered by,—"I thank you, my good people," rose to the vaulted roof. And thus she ofttimes showed herself to her subjects, walking much in the park, and the great walks then formed out of Greenwich park. Not always came she forth in such good humour as when Henzner, from whose *Itinerary* the foregoing scene is derived, beheld her. Sometimes she appeared with an ill countenance, on which occasion Hatton was wont to pull aside a suitor and desire him not to proffer his suit, saying,—"The sun does not shine to day." Nay, if the dress of her leal subjects happened not to please her, she expressed her disgust in a mode truly characteristic of her coarse mind and habits. "I do remember," says Sir John Harrington, "she *spit* on Sir Mathew's fringed clothe, and said, 'the foole's wit was gone to ragges.' Heaven spare me from such jibing!" Her maids of honour—but this was on more private occasions—sometimes felt the smart of her majesty's fair but hard hand.

In her chapel at Greenwich there was excellent music. The service scarcely exceeded half an hour. But, whilst the stately queen still prayed, the following ceremonial took place in the hall, to which she afterwards returned, in the same state as she went to dinner. A gentleman of her household entered the room with a rod, and another with a table-cloth; and after he had kneeled three times with the greatest veneration, he spread the table-cloth. Then both retired; and then there came two others, one with a rod, and another with a salt-cellar, and a plate and bread; and when these two had kneeled three times, they placed the bread and salt on the table with similar ceremonials. At last came an unmarried lady, a countess, and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife: the countess was dressed in white silk. Her office was to rub the plates with bread and salt; and she performed her part with as much awe as if the queen had been present. Whilst she and her co-partner stood there, the yeomen of the guard entered bare headed, in scarlet, each with a golden rose on their backs, and brought into the hall a course of twenty-four dishes on gilt plate; of each of these the lady-taster in white silk gave to each yeoman a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he brought, to guard against poison. During the latter part of the ceremonial, the queen's favourite band of twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums, made the hall resound. The guards were the tallest and stoutest men that could be selected for this service, which, after all, was but a preliminary one, since a host of unmarried ladies soon appeared, and with a particular solemnity carried the dishes off the table into the queen's private chamber, where she dined with few guests.

Well might Horace Walpole observe,—"The kind of adoration and genuflection used to her person, approach to Eastern homage. When we observe such worship offered to an old woman, with bare neck, black teeth, and false red hair, it makes one smile; but makes one reflect what masculine sense was concealed under those weaknesses, and which could command such awe from a nation like England."

But all was not spectacle, pageantry, tilt, and tournament; and the polite world, even of Placentia, had to encounter not only the terrors of the queen's wrath, but those of convulsed nature. What a fearful, yet ludicrous account Holinshead gives of the earthquake of 1570, which was severely felt in London, and partially throughout all England. It happened about six o'clock in the evening. The great clock-bell in the palace of Westminster struck of itself, as well as "divers other clocks and bells" in the steeples of the London churches. The gay gentlemen of the Temple being at supper, ran out of the hall with their knives—forks they knew not—in their hands. The peoples at the theatres rushed from their seats, and made haste to be gone. A piece of the Temple church fell down, a portion of Saint Paul's was also loosened and fell; and chimnies were shaken down in abundance. All this was but the work of one minute, for the earthquake lasted in London no longer; but at the coast it was felt three times. The sea foamed, the slips tottered, a fragment of the cliffs at Dover was loosened, whilst the bells in Hythe church rang loudly, touched by no mortal hand. Then again, thirteen years afterwards, high and low, wise and simple, were affrighted by an astrological prediction, asserting that the conjunction of the two superior planets, Saturn and Jupiter, was to take place in that year; and the verification of this celestial commotion was to be attended by suitable earthly agitations, which actually did occur, in the tempestuous and boisterous winds which blew that year.

Greenwich had not the honour of receiving Elizabeth's last sigh. She died at Richmond; but her successor still loved the gentle glades of Placentia, and often tenanted the beautiful palace. Here the daughter of James I., the Princess Mary, and others of his children were born; and Anne of Denmark delighted in it so much, that she laid the foundations of the "House of Delight"—a banqueting house, now the abode of the ranger. A fairer queen finished the work; and, under the hands of Inigo Jones, employed by Henrietta Maria, that banqueting house, which is called by Horace Walpole the most beautiful of the great architect's works, was completed. The ceilings were painted by Horatio Gentelschi; and the whole was so sumptuous, as to be pronounced the finest thing in England of the sort. And here Charles and his lovely consort passed many gay, and, perhaps, serene hours, before the breaking out of those fatal wars which suspended all the efforts of taste, and crushed every peaceful art.

Placentia sank beneath the fatal blast by which so many noble houses in England were desolated. But not by the cannon, or the mine, or the flame, fell the fair fabric, but by the slow process of a mournful decay—the effects of desertion.

On the passing of the ordinance for the sale of crown lands, Placentia,

now called Greenwich House, was reserved for the State. Two years afterwards it was resolved to keep it for the residence of the Lord-Protector. But Oliver had it *not* then. The Parliament wanted money, and in 1652 the House of Commons voted that Greenwich House should be sold for ready payment, and some of the premises were sold. The palace and park remained, however, unsold, and devolved upon Oliver and his family. But Placentia was now no longer worthy of that fair name, and already nodded to its fall. Its once firm battlement, its square, round, octangular towers, its spacious chambers, were now decaying and ruinous; and it was deemed necessary—I would that it could have been otherwise—to build a new and more commodious palace in its stead.

At this time, Henry, earl of St. Alban's, was made keeper and steward. Henceforth let us bid adieu to the fair dreams of the past. Placentia ceased to be. yet never did a nobler successor replace the delightful associations of the Tudor times.

The tale has been often told, yet will I tell it once more; how out of the wreck of a decaying and venerable structure, rose one of England's noblest boasts—how, out of the haunts of pleasure, was framed the retreat for the brave, the haven for the seaworn veteran, the port in which the dismantled vessel, so soon to be laid on its side for ever, finds rest and safety.

Charles II.—few are his good deeds—intended to build upon the site of the old palace, which he ordered to be pulled down, a magnificent palace of freestone; one wing of this, at the expense of 36,000*l.*, was completed. Here he occasionally resided, but the work stood still; and in the reign of the utilitarian Mary and the discreet William, the wing of King Charles's unfinished building was, on the proposition of Sir Christopher Wren, converted into that hospital for seamen, which their majesties had determined to found. The celebrated Lord Somers was one of the commissioners of the palace lands, &c., which amounted to upwards of two hundred. The foundation of the Hospital was laid in June 1696. It consists, in its present state, of four distinct piles of building, distinguished by the names of King Charles's, Queen Anne's, King William's, and Queen Mary's. King Charles's and Queen Anne's are those nearest to the river; of this, the eastern part was erected by Webb, after the design of his father-in-law, Inigo Jones. Queen Anne's buildings occupy the north-west angle; King William's, the southernmost; and Queen Mary's, the south-east. I do not attempt any description of these noble edifices, my heroes are the Tudors; yet can I not help recording with a smile, that Sir Christopher Wren, a true-born Englishman, gave his time, labour, skill, and superintended the whole, for several years, without any remuneration. The funds of the Hospital arose partly from an annuity of 2000*l.* a-year, granted by William III.; partly from public subscriptions; and very greatly from the confiscated estates of the unhappy Earls of Derwentwater, James and Charles Ratcliffe, who both died on the scaffold in 1715 and 1745.

One word more about the Tudors. The Observatory now rises, a glorious object, doubtless, on the spot where the tower built by Humphrey of Gloucester once stood. The Observatory is fine; but I would rather see the tower there, in its proper spot, overlooking the great metropolis, and commanding, as it were, the shipping in the river.

This tower had no small portion of romance connected with it. Sometimes it was a residence for the younger branches of the royal family; sometimes a secret abode of a favourite mistress; sometimes a prison; sometimes a place of defence. Mary of York, the fifth daughter of Edward IV., died in this "fayre Towre." Henry VIII. visited there a "fayre" lady whom he loved, and whose name no curious historians have been able to divine. He sometimes sailed down in his barge from Westminster to catch these stolen interviews

In Elizabeth's time, the tower, prettily called Mirefleur, contained the Earl of Leicester as a prisoner, when he had offended the queen by marrying the Countess of Essex. The tower is supposed to have been that mentioned in *Amadis of Gaul*. At length it was beautified and enlarged by Henry, the learned earl of Northampton, who had a grant of it from James I.; and in the Great Rebellion it had grown to such importance, under the name of the Castle of Greenwich, that the parliament took steps to secure it. But, alas! in the time of Charles II. it was taken down, and a Royal Observatory erected on its site, on—I am ashamed to say it—the recommendation of Sir Christopher Wren. So away went the last vestige of the Tudors, the last subsidiary to the grandeur of the far-famed Placentia.

THE OLD JUDGE; OR LIFE IN A COLONY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER."

HORSE-SHOE COVE; OR, HUFEISEN BUCHT.

Continued.

The Indians had purposely abstained from setting fire to the buildings. They had been erected by their old friends the French, whose language they began to understand, and the forms of whose religion they had adopted. It was possible they might require them again, and that the fortune of war might place them in a situation to resume a trade that had proved so beneficial to both. The proprietors were equally unwilling to destroy a property which, though they could never inhabit themselves, might afterwards be sold for a large sum of money. They were. therefore, left standing to terrify the navigators of the La Haive by the spectres and ghosts that always haunt a scene of violence and murder. Poor old Nicholas never recovered the massacre of his family and the loss of his property. His grief was, at first, most acute and distressing. He would talk of his poor, dear, dead frau; of the Rhineland, his happy home, that he had so thoughtlessly left; of his little, innocent, slaughtered children; and condemn his own folly in desecrating the Indian burial-ground, and thereby awakening their fearful vengeance. This was soon followed by a settled melancholy. He never more took any interest in any thing, or ever attended again to business. He generally sat by the fire, into which he looked vacantly, and smoked. He neither asked nor responded to questions. His heart was broken.

One day he was missing, and great was the consternation in Lunenburg, for every person feared he had put an end to his existence by his own hand. Diligent inquiry and search was made both in the town and its neighbourhood, but no trace whatever could be found of him. At last some persons, more courageous than others, ventured, well armed, to examine the "Hufeisen Bucht," and ascertain if he was there; and there they found him extended on the grave of his wife and children, where he had perished from cold, fatigue and exhaustion. He was interred where he lay, and increased the number and the terrors of the nocturnal wanderers of the Cove.

For many years the place was shunned by all persons, except now and then by Indians, who occasionally visited it to light their funeral fires, deposit their dead, and chant their monotonous and dismal dirges. Meanwhile the buildings became much dilapidated. The shutters of the blockhouse having been forced off by the wind, the large bell set in motion by its fitful gusts, added its deep-toned and melancholy notes to the wailing of the blast, and the frightened bargemen, as they hurried by the ill omened spot, would say, "Old Nick is walking to-night, and tolling his bell."

Years rolled by, and emigration began to be directed to the beautiful upland and rich alluvial soil that border the noble river. Above, far above the Cove, were settlers; and below it was a continuous line of farms; but for several miles round the haunted house no man was so hardy as to venture. It was given up to its lawful ranger, Nicholas Spohr and to his fearful companions, the ghosts, goblins, and spirits of the "Hufeisen Bucht."

In 1783, a treaty of peace was signed with the rebel colonies now forming the United States, and their independence acknowledged by the mother-country. This event was followed by a very great emigration to Nova Scotia of men, who, preferring their allegiance to their property, abandoned their estates, and removed into the cold and inhospitable wilds of this province. Most of these settlers (commonly known as Loyalists) were people of substance and education, but in their train were many persons of a different description and very opposite character. Every vessel that arrived for several months afterwards, brought numerous parties of refugees. In one from New York was a Captain John Smith and his family. Who or what he was nobody knew; and as these were subjects on which he maintained an impenetrable reserve, nobody but myself ever did know. His object appeared to be retirement rather than what is called settlement. Leaving his family at Halifax, he examined the adjacent country, and when at Lunenburgh, hearing of the "Hufeisen Bucht," very much to the astonishment of every body went to see it, and, to their still greater surprise, purchased it, and announced his determination to reside there. At this time the Cove was as much hidden from view as ever, for a new growth of wood had sprung up on the clearings of Nicholas, and had again so embowered its entrance that no part of the harbour, the buildings, or the arable land were visible from the river. The house had fallen into a sad state of decay, and required very extensive repairs to render it tenantable, and he experienced no little trouble in procuring workmen to engage in such a hazardous enterprise. The Germans absolutely refused, and he was compelled to bring mechanics from Halifax, who were unacquainted with the horrid traditions and bad reputation of the place. By dint of perseverance, a liberal expenditure of money, and an easy, agreeable, and assured manner, he conquered all difficulties, and it was once more put into as good order as when first discovered by poor Nicholas Spohr. He then removed his family thither, and took possession of the haunted house of the "Hufeisen Bucht."

This bold and decisive step, however, awakened the fears and suspicions of his superstitious neighbours. The Germans of Lunenburg always have been, and still are, noted for their dislike to the intrusion of strangers into their county, the whole of which they consider as a compensation for their emigration, or as a reward for the toil and danger of settling it; but at the time I am speaking of this feeling almost involved persecution. Trained in their own country to respect and obey their superiors, they were willing to submit themselves to authority; but who was Mr. John Smith? Was that a real or fictitious name? His habits and manners were unlike anything they had ever seen. He had no connexion with the government at Halifax, which he appeared neither to know nor care about. Unlike themselves he did not labour, neither did he trade; and, unlike all settlers, he appeared to be amply provided with gold, which was different from the ordinary coin of the realm, being principally pieces of eight, or what were then known as Spanish Joes. When his name was mentioned they shook their heads, looked mysteriously, and whispered of piracy, of hidden treasures, spies, traitors, and persons who had fled from justice. Captain Smith, as he was called, was a tall, sinewy, athletic man, about thirty-eight years of age. His gait and manner so strongly resembled those of a sailor, as to induce a belief that a great part of his life had been spent on the sea. In disposition he was frank, manly, and irascible, while his conversation exhibited such a thorough knowledge of the world, that it was evident he was no ordinary man. He spoke several languages fluently, and appeared to be familiar with the principal ports of Europe and America. A great part of his time was spent in fishing, hunting, and boating, in all of which he exhibited surprising dexterity. By most of his neighbours he was feared and avoided,—an annoyance for which he appeared to derive some compensation from the friendship of the Indians, whom he attached to him in a remarkable degree, and in encouraging and provoking fears, the absurdity of which he was either unwilling or too proud to explain. Still, although the people on the river declined associating with him, they were afraid to disobey a man who appeared to them to be in league with supernatural powers; and no one had his commissions at Halifax so well executed, or his freight so punctually delivered, as he had. An intimate acquaintance with the state of the atmosphere enabled him to predict with great certainty the continuance or change of wind, and the approach of a storm; upon which subject, whenever his opinion was accidentally asked, he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in tolling the bell of poor Nicholas Spohr, as if he derived his information from its peculiar intonations.

Mrs. Smith, who was several years younger than her husband, was an uncommonly handsome woman, but the predominant character of her face was that of melancholy, the cause of which appeared to be as mysterious as every thing else about them. Whether it arose from the total seclusion in which they lived, from the loss of children, of which she at that time appeared to have none, from ill-health, or from the apprehension of some impending calamity, people were unable even to conjecture. The house exhibited a strange mixture of coarse furniture and articles of considerable value. The principal room, which had been unaltered from the time of the French, was of unusual length, having a fire-place at either extremity, as if intended for the reception of two tables,—an arrangement which Captain Smith appeared to have approved and adopted, as the furniture of each end was different, the one resembling that of a parlour and the other that of a servants' hall. At both sides of the chimney, at the upper part, was a door leading into a bedroom; a corresponding arrangement was made at the lower end, one apartment being a scullery and the other a sleeping-room. I have before observed, that there was a large projection in the rear (which gave to the entire building a resemblance to the letter T,) and communicated with the hall by a door in the centre. The whole ground flat of this part of the house was appropriated to the double purpose of a larder and storeroom, and contained the staircase that led to the attics. The decorations of the hall bespoke a sportsman. The walls were covered with the antlers of the moose and carriboo, fowling-pieces, fusees, and pistols, most of which had rich, and some antique mountings; and also with fishing-rods, landing-nets, salmon-spears, and every variety of a fisherman's gear. South American bows and arrows were also displayed there, from the latter of which was suspended a card marked poison. Nothing excited such terror among his simple neighbours as the accurracy of his aim, and the deadly effect of these mysterious weapons. In hunting the deer of the country, he always carried them in addition to his gun, but never used them unless there was a herd which he was unwilling to disturb by the noise of fire-arms. Upon these occasions he resorted to these quiet but certain messengers of death. Whenever, or wherever any animal was struck with one of these missiles, in less than three minutes it fell a victim, if not to the wound, to the poison; and yet, strange to say, though it destroyed vitality, it in no way affected the flavour or the wholesomeness of the venison. Even the savages beheld with awe a man who possessed arms as noiseless as their own, as unerring as those of the whitemen, and more fatal than either. On shelves near the door leading into the projection were several articles of old and curiously fashioned silver, the form and workmanship of which were wholly unlike anything of that century. It was difficult to say whether they were the remnant of family plate, or a collection resulting from a taste for articles of antiquity. His neighbours, however, very summarily decided that they were the plunder of a pirate. The mantel-piece was graced by a guitar, a violin, and bugle, and one or two exquisitely finished and richly mounted miniatures. There were no carpets in any of the rooms, the place of which was supplied by furs of bears and other animals.

With the exception of the fearful and deadly arrows, which I have described, there was nothing in all this to excite the surprise of the simple-minded inhabitants beyond that of eccentricity, and resources to which they were unaccustomed; but at the lower end of the room sat two beings who realised all that the Germans had ever heard, read, or imagined, as incarnate devils. The familiar attendants on this dangerous stranger were an old man and woman of diminutive stature, as black as ebony, whose heads were covered with wool instead of hair, having teeth of extraordinary size and whiteness. and feet of enormous length, half of which extended behind the ankle in the shape of a heel, and who spoke a language neither Saxon, English, nor French. The man, whom he called Cato, was several years older than the female. His head was grey, which contrasted strangely with the colour of his skin. His arms were of uncommon length, and wholly disproportioned to his height. His hands were small, and his fingers long, slender, and bony, bearing a striking resemblance to claws, while the palms and nails were almost white. He was habited in a sort of frock-coat made of seal-skin, gathered in at the waist by a red sash, from which were suspended a fur pouch, and a large knife covered with a leather scabbard. The rest of his apparel consisted of small-clothes and black gaiters. The wool on his head stood out from it like the fleece of a sheep, and gave it a heavy and massive appearance, while the outer and lower part was braided into numerous small plaits. and fell on his forehead and neck like pendant icicles. He wore a pair of large gold earrings, and a puncture through the nose showed that that feature had in times past been decorated in a similar manner. His shirt, which was of white cotton, was secured at the breast by a large circular silver brooch, in the form of a ring, from which was suspended by a short chain a small piece of curiously worked ivory, containing what was, no doubt, of inestimable value to him, "a charm" of amber. His countenance, though somewhat dull, and much disfigured by the cheeks being tattoed, was on the whole indicative of a kind and good disposition.

The female, who answered to the classical name of Venus, was very small, very thin, and for her age remarkably active. She wore on her head a bright scarlet silk handkerchief, tied behind. Her dress consisted of a short body made of printed calico, with gay and gaudy flowers on it, and a skirt of shining glazed green cloth. Round her neck were wound several rows of beads, which supported an ivory case, similar in form, and devoted to the same purpose, as that of her husband.

The English settlers, the descendants of a people who in New England had believed in sorcery, and burned witches, though not without a full share of superstition, and on other points sufficiently terrified at the new occupant of the haunted house, knew these blacks to be Africans, and explained to the ignorant foreigners that they were a people descended from Cain, and destined by Providence to expiate the sin of their progenitor, by being for ever the slaves of white men. This, however, was merely an assertion, unsupported by any proof whatever—terrible if true, but more awful if false. But true it could not be, for they had never seen such beings in Germany, which was a country that contained all that was worth seeing or knowing in the world. They heard the explanation, shook their heads, and disbelieved, for they were fully satisfied that Captain Smith was a magician, and that his two servants were imps of darkness, who either inspired his conduct or executed his wicked commands.

Such was the house, its inmates, and the reputation of both in the year 1795. Although the "Hufeisen Bucht" was dreaded and avoided as much as possible by the inhabitants, there were two classes of persons who constantly frequented it, and were always hospitably entertained,—the Indians, and sporting officers from Halifax, of both the army and navy. The first salmon I ever caught was on the La Haive, when a guest at the Cove; and even now, at this distance of time, I recall with great pleasure an evening spent in company with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, in listening to the delightful conversation of the former, and the sweet and melancholy songs of that most charming and interesting woman. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when the following year (1796), while at Lunenburg with the court (rather for pleasure than business, for I was not then called to the bar), I met Captain Smith in the custody of a number of armed men on a charge of having robbed and murdered a pedlar. He begged me to accompany him to the prison and procure a professional man to conduct his defence, congratulating himself at the same time that, as the court was sitting and he was innocent, he would be at large again in the course of a few days.

It appears that, about four or five years previous to his arrest, in consequence of the increasing infirmities of the old Negro servant, Captain Smith had brought a boy from Halifax as an indented apprentice, the son of a soldier whose regiment was about to embark for the West Indies. The loneliness of the place, its bad reputation, and the mysterious conduct of its owner, filled the mind of the boy with terror and suspicion. He made several attempts to escape on board of some of the coasting vessels that frequented the La Haive; but such was the general apprehension that was entertained of Captain Smith's power and resentment, no person was found willing to aid him in such a dangerous enterprise. At last, availing himself of his master's absence, he swam to the opposite shore and proceeded through the woods to Lunenburg, which after a circuitous route, attended with incredible labour and fatigue, he reached in safety. He immediately preferred an accusation of murder against the proprietor of the Cove. The particulars of the charge, as appeared by his deposition, were briefly these:

He stated that in the month of March immediately succeeding his landing at the Hufeisen Bucht, there arrived an officer from Halifax and a pedlar, both of whom spent the night there; that his master, who had been absent all the afternoon, returned about eight o'clock in the evening; and that after supper the pedlar, who appeared to be very weary, retired early, and was conducted to a room above the projection, usually occupied by himself, who that night slept before the fire at the lower end of the hall. Mrs. Smith, he said, also withdrew soon afterwards, leaving her husband and the officer, who sat up late drinking and smoking. To the latter the captain related the massacre of poor old Nicholas Spohr's family and the execution of the four Indians, who were hanged on the willow trees in front of the house, which led to a desultory conversation, in which they mutually related stories of murder, robberies, and apparitions, which the boy stated so riveted his attention as to keep him awake during the whole period they were up, and so terrified him as to occasion his sleep to be broken and uneasy. He went on to say, that during the night he saw the projection open and the two men issue from it, carrying a dead body (partly covered with a cloak) of the size and bulk of the pedlar, who was a remarkably stout man; that the feet appeared to be fastened together, and the arms covered by the cloak; that he could not distinguish the features of the face on account of the flickering light of the wood fire, but he could plainly see the long black hair that covered it; that the body was naked, and the white skin as manifest as if it were exhibited by daylight. He swore positively that the person who supported the head was his master, but he was unable to identify the man who carried the feet of the corpse, as he had never seen him before or since, though his appearance was that of a sailor.—He further deposed that he distinctly heard the footsteps of the two men and the sound of a sled on the crisp snow, until they were lost in the distance; and that at last, wearied and exhausted, he fell fast asleep, and it was broad daylight when he was aroused by the captain, who ordered him to get up and replenish the fire, and then proceeded himself to renew his own and call the officer. Shortly afterwards, he said, the two Negroes made their appearance; a hasty meal was prepared, and arrangements made for moose-hunting; that as they were sitting down to the table the officer asked where the pedlar was, to which Mr. Smith replied that he had departed early while he had been absent catching some fresh fish for their breakfast, and that lazy fellow (meaning the deponent) was asleep before the fire; and, he was sorry to say, had left the house without having had anything to eat. He further stated, that as soon as his master and the officer were out of sight he followed the track of the handsled, which he traced down to the cove and across it to the outer extremity of the heel of the horse-shoe, where the current of the river had swept away the ice, leaving that on the sheltered and quiet cove as firm and as solid as in the middle of winter; that at about thirty feet from the termination of the ice there was a large aperture newly cut with an axe, and he could plainly perceive the impression of a human body extended at full length on the snow, which both there and at the edge near the river was a good deal trampled down. He had, therefore, no means, he said, of ascertaining whether the body was thrown into the river to be carried by its currents into the ocean, or sunk with heavy weights through the hole in the ice, but that he had no doubt whatever it was disposed of either one way or the other. He added that he had never had a happy day since, the secret had preyed so heavily on his mind, deeply affecting his health, strength, and spirits, and that he had frequently made inquiries at every opportunity that offered, and always heard that the pedlar was a missing man. He concluded by stating, that from about that period the manner of his master, who, he was sure, suspected him of knowing something of the murder, had undergone a very unfavourable change towards him. Previously to this event he had been kind and considerate to him, but soon afterwards he became severe and morose, and, as if to anticipate his charge or to account for it when made, had frequently accused him of stealing a silver cup; and had lately threatened if he did not produce it to make him sleep under the bell of old Nicholas in the block-house, which he had no doubt was intended to be a prelude to his own murder.

This was a serious charge, and what invested it with more importance was that it was well known in the country; that the pedlar, who had been traced to the Hufeisen Bucht, had never been seen or heard of afterwards; and long before the accusation had assumed this definite and positive form, a rumour had been generally circulated and believed that he had come to an untimely end there.

Smith, however, made very light of all this, and said that no man in his senses could believe such an absurd story; that the boy was not much more than half-witted, and moreover, was a thief, as he had stolen from him an antique silver cup, which, though of no great intrinsic value, from certain circumstances connected with it he prized more than all the rest of the plate he had in his house. He said he recollected the pedlar being there and departing early in the morning, and his scolding his servant Cato for allowing him to go without his breakfast, and that the Negro excused himself by saying that the man expressed a wish to do so for fear of disturbing the household, but that beyond this all the rest of the story was the invention of a disordered or wicked mind.

The testimony of Cato was all that he had to oppose to this connected and dreadful accusation, and his counsel considered it indispensable that he should be produced at the trial; but, strange to say, not a man in the place could be induced to go for him. The most liberal reward was offered; but such was the horror every body entertained of the Hufeisen Bucht, its inmates, and especially the blacks, that every one was afraid to undertake the perilous voyage. Fortunately, there was a vessel in the harbour at the time from the West Indies, the master and crew of which had seen too much of Negroes to give credence to such idle superstitions. As it was a case that admitted of no delay, I prevailed upon the skipper to furnish me with a boat and four men to row me to La Haive.

Leaving the barge at the entrance of the cove, I proceeded on foot to the house and returned with this important but fearful witness, having first left directions with Mrs. Smith that we should be followed by an Indian canoe to reconduct him in safety to his home.

At the trial the boy adhered to the story to which he had attested before the magistrate, without the slightest variance or prevarication. There was such an air of sincerity and truth in his manner, and such a total absence of any thing like temper or exaggeration, that his evidence made a very strong and unfavourable impression against the captain. Smith's lawyer made a very able and ingenious defence for him, and called the African to prove that he had seen the pedlar at daylight in the morning, and had pressed him to remain and breakfast before his departure.

I shall never forget the effect produced on the audience by the appearance of the Negro. The crowd involuntarily drew back and opened a free passage to a being whom they regarded with the most pious horror. When he was placed in the witness-box all those in the neighbourhood of it withdrew to a distance, as if afraid of his fearful influence upon them. His testimony was clear, distinct, and positive as to his conversation after daylight with the pedlar, and completely negatived that part of the evidence of the boy which went to prove the removal of the body during the night.

The charge of the judge was in favour of the prisoner. He stated to the jury that there was no positive proof of a murder, nor of the identity of the body; that it was quite possible that a weak-minded boy, terrified

by the superstitious character of the place, and the conversation he had overheard that night, might have seen in a dream that which he supposed he had beheld when awake; that pedlars, from their habits, were erratic people; and this one, though he might not again have repeated his visits to La Haive, might still be pursuing his wandering occupation in some other part of the province; that in all cases the body of the deceased should be found, unless its loss or destruction were most satisfactorily accounted for; but that where the evidence was weak on this point, the proof of a murder ought to be so clear, so plain and conclusive, as not only to leave no doubt upon the mind, but to exclud any other possible hypothesis whatever; and much more to the same effect; and after adverting in strong terms to the conflicting testimony of the black, he concluded by recommending a verdict of acquittal.

The jury, after retiring to their room, returned into court in a few minutes and the foreman announced their decision, which was, that the prisoner was guilty!

Smith was evidently taken by surprise, but he did not lose his self-possession. He thanked the judge for his able and impartial charge, and assured him that the day would come when the truth of his conjectures and his own innocence would be fully established: and maintained that he was a victim to the ignorance, prejudice, and superstition of the people. He was then remanded to the gaol, and followed by a noisy, excited, and turbulent crowd, that exulted in his conviction, and longed for the gratification of witnessing the execution of the great sorcerer.

To be Continued.

MADEMOISELLE MARS.

I.—HER AGE AND NAME.

M. De Keratry, peer of France, in one of those picturesque orations which the French are in the habit of delivering over the grave of departed genius, most feelingly and appropriately remarks, that now that religion has poured forth its holy prayers over the coffin of the illustrious dead, and that it has prayed to the Almighty to pardon its creature the faults and imperfections which are inseparable from human weakness; it is permitted to literature to express its regrets at the loss of the inimitable actress, who constituted for so many years the glory and the fortune of French comedy.

The date of this great actress's birth may now be revealed. So long as Mademoiselle Mars was alive, it would have been ungallant to dwell upon such details, for that eminent lady took infinite pains to forget the fatal date. Only seven years ago, as Mademoiselle de Belle Isle, she appeared on the long-relinquished boards as a young girl, with a small foot, a plump hand and arm, a charming smile, and an enchanting voice. Only seven or eight years ago Mademoiselle Mars, being summoned as a witness before a court of justice, answered, upon the president asking her her age, "Forty-five years." The old frequenters of the Théâtre Français were somewhat surprised at this answer, but still more pleased. They found themselves suddenly younger by nearly a quarter of a century than they themselves had imagined.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the fair actress, upon meeting unexpectedly M. Lemoine, the father of the present director of La Gaîté, "I cannot take a step without stumbling upon some living calendar to remind me of some epoch or other of my youth."

In consequence of this lady-like antipathy, Mademoiselle Mars, while she would willingly take a part in a conversation that related to events, never mentioned dates.

"I was never familiar with chronology," she would say, as she threw back her veil, or drew up her shawl in her peculiarly graceful manner, "and I certainly am not going to study it now."

Mademoiselle Mars was sixty-eight years of age at her decease. It is certain that she was born the 5th of February, 1779. Her father, Monvel-Boutet, an actor of some repute in his day, used to say,

"They fired the guns on my daughter's birthday." This was in allusion to the birth of a prince that occurred on the same day. It is more apocryphal that her mother said, upon the same occasion,

"Ah, the queen and I are in the same prédicament to-day."

Madame Aclocque, an intimate friend of Mademoiselle Mars, and who has communicated to the world a few anecdotic reminiscences of the celebrated actress, ventured to ask once whence came this name of "Mars?"

"Ah! ah! you little *jacasse*" (a favourite Anglo-Frenchism of the actress, when the barometer was at fair), "must I tell you that? The name of Mars comes from my mother. My mother was a native of Carcassonne, of a good family, but who ran away with an actor and joined the profession, when the name of Mars was given to her. The name was almost lost, when having gone one evening, in company with Talma, to a fortune-teller, immense success and a great number of conquests were predicted to me. This was noised abroad; the name was restored to me as my inheritance, and Mars became ever afterwards my permanent *nom de guerre*."

Mademoiselle Mars was, however, christened by the name of Hippolyte Boutet. The assumed name, and the one under which she acquired celebrity, was, as may be easily imagined, a constant theme for puns good, bad, and indifferent.

Thus it is related that in a moment of exasperation against the *Garde Royale* at the time of the Restoration, Mademoiselle Mars said,

"There is nothing in common between the royal guard and Mars."

It has been intimated that Scribe supplied the actress with this retort, which attained great celebrity at the time, but it is certain that Mademoiselle Mars did not dislike punning upon her name The association of her name with that of the month called Mars by the French, was of itself sufficient to ensure a smile; but again, on the other hand, Mademoiselle Mars openly professed her partiality for Scribe, who she said gave her her "mots."

At one of those soirées, which were so celebrated for their taste and splendour, and in the palmy days of the great actress, a parody was performed called the "Gods of Olympus," in which the representative of Mars sang—

Mars and Venus, the gods among,
Made two, it is said by some.
But I may say with every one,
Mars and Venus are but one.

Notwithstanding this predilection for a name, Mademoiselle Mars could scarcely ever be persuaded to contribute an autograph to an album. She used to return such without regard for the noble arms that were emblazoned upon the binding. Yielding once to the urgent entreaties of a noble duke, who was the bearer of his own enormous folio, she wrote in a corner of a page—

Dominus vobiscum
Dieu vous preserve des album.

II.—HER THEATRICAL CAREER.

It was evident that Mademoiselle Mars would be an actress. Both father and mother were on the stage during the whole period of her youth. At thirteen years of age she came out in a child's part in the "Desespoir de Jocrisse." This was at the Théâtre Montansier, which was a good school. Monvel-Boutet was not long in discovering the capabilities of little Hippolyte, and he cultivated them assiduously.

In 1795, Hippolyte being then sixteen years of age, was received into the company of the Theâtre Feydeau, where she attracted the notice of the most celebrated actress of the day, Mademoiselle Contat. The latter took great pains with Hippolyte, and used even to scold her well to make her do as she wished. The characters of young lovers were now consigned to the juvenile proficient, and in 1795 she had obtained a monopoly of those parts; Mademoiselles Lange and Mezeray having retired from the company.

The Theâtre Feydeau and the Theâtre de la Republique united in 1799, to form the Théâtre Français. Here Hippolyte, at the early age of seventeen, was associated with such names as Preville, whom Garrick called the inimitable; Mole, who has never found his successor; and with Talma, at the outset of his career.

Mademoiselle Mars was on congenial ground, and she soon revealed herself to the public in her whole capacity. Highly gifted by nature, and richly endowed by study, which had given flexibility to her talent and expression to her charms, she was at once ingenuous, touching, graceful, and true. The most enchanting sounds that the human voice had ever accomplished are said to have emanated from the future celebrity. Every thing was conquered by tact, grace, and talent; nothing was won by servile imitation. Elegant without fastidiousness, familiar without frivolity, witty without the slightest sacrifice of delicacy, and of exquisitely easy and distinguished manners, the aurora of her fame merged almost at once into the full day of her successes.

These peculiar and graceful attributes first made themselves seen to advantage in the character of the dumb girl in "L'Abbe de l'Epee." The feeling and sensibility which she exhibited in that character produced a prodigious sensation. This was in 1803

Mademoiselle Contat having retired from the stage in 1809, Mademoiselle Mars succeeded with Mademoiselle Leverd to the first characters. But it was impossible to struggle long against the grace, the delicacy, and the refinement of wit and manners possessed by Mademoiselle Mars. By the year 1812, she had established a reputation without a rival. The characters of Henriette in the "Fem mes Savantes," of Lucile in the "Dehors trompeurs," of Charlotte in the "Deux Frères," and of Victorine in the "Philosophe sans le Savoir," were acquired to her by right of conquest. But still in the opinion of the arch-critics of the day, Mademoiselle Mars was always greater in the ingenuous than in the more complicated characters. She never attained so much perfection in the true and the beautiful, in the Elmire of "Tartuffe," or the Celimene of the "Misanthrope," as in the "Fausse Agnes," and the "Jeu de l'Amour et du Hazard."

Talma had wished to play comedy, and had succeeded. Mademoiselle Mars also experienced a desire to perform tragedy, but she was not so successful. She played with Talma in Pierre Lebrun's "Cid d'Andalousie." Notwithstanding the influence of two such names, the piece had no success.

Besides the ancient repertory which the young actress had soon ransacked, Mademoiselle Mars had established several new characters.—None among these were so successful at the time as that of Hortense in Casimir Delavigne's "Ecole des Vieillards." In 1828 an unknown youth, then a clerk in the office of the Duke of Orleans, with an income of some seventy pounds a year, had prepared himself for a struggle with the old school, and backed with princely protection, had got a romantic drama received at the Theâtre Français. Mademoiselle Mars played the chief part, in which vehement passions were made to take the place of the cold frigidities of the French classic drama; and the success of the Duchesse de Guise ensued that of Alexandre Dumas's "Henri III." M. Dumas was the first writer of the romantic school, to whose success Mademoiselle Mars contributed her talent, as he was also the last. Mademoiselle de Belle Isle was the last new character assumed by Mademoiselle Mars.

It reflected great credit on the artiste to be ready thus to cast off the shackles of the school in which she had been educated, and to throw her classical talent into the scale in favour of the young school. She established the character of Dona Sol da Silva in Victor Hugo's "Hernani," a play which more than any other contribnted to the triumph of the romantic school.

But Mademoiselle Mars did not adopt all the creations of the new school without some criticism. In the scene in "Henri III.," where the duchess's lover is with her husband at the door, she insisted upon Dumas cutting short a monologue that Saint-Mégrin was to address to her, for she felt that she could not possibly be listening to a long discourse, however flattering, at the time that an outraged husband was ordering her to open the door. In the character of Mademoiselle de Belle Isle she always had a grudge against Dumas, whom she had caused to erase the words "mon enfant" twenty times, and who always found means to re-introduce them as often. But still Dumas was one of the actress's greatest favourites. To quote her own words, "One could say every thing to Dumas. What a comprehension of the scene, what tact, what a pen! I am indebted to him for my best characters, and he is indebted to me for his most brilliant success."

Dumas was one of that coterie of favourites who partook of the "petit soupers" given at No. 10 in the Rue de Rivoli, by the side of a good fire, and at two o'clock in the morning, after the performances of the night were over; and previous to which Mademoiselle Mars used to take nothing but a consomme, or at the most the wing of a fowl. These social repasts were enlivened by the originality of the author of "Henri III.," of Roger of the Academie Francais, of Hippolyte Lucas, the regenerator of the Greek drama, and learned translator, of De Lapelouse, formerly editor of the *Courrier Français*, of Mademoiselle Aim, D——, then a pupil of Mademoiselle Mars, and of the perpetual Doctor Piron.

"They drink marvellously well, these gentlemen," said Mademoiselle Mars, one morning that she was casting her eye over the wine merchant's account, "they drink marvellously certainly, but they are so supremely amiable."

In her last illness Mademoiselle Mars said of Dumas and the Théâtre Historique, "That poor Dumas! We are quits now; he has placed me in his heaven."

Besides the characters which were originally played by Mademoiselle Mars, and already noticed; La Tisbe in Victor Hugo's "Angelo," Marie in Madame Antelot's drama of that name, and still more especially Valerie in M. Scribe's comedy, are deserving of mention as among those triumphant successes which every one went to witness. Mademoiselle Mars had an especial affection for the charming though blind Valerie, as she had for her previous character of a deaf and dumb girl. It is said that she studied the peculiarities of a blind person under a Mademoiselle Sophie, sister of Minette of the Vaudeville, who was actually afflicted with that infirmity. Upon the success of the play she presented to her preceptor a bracelet, with the inscription, "Valerie to Sophie."

Mademoiselle Mars was no longer in her early youth at the time of the production of Alexander Dumas's Mademoiselle de Belle Isle, which was the last new character she undertook. This was in 1839. Before the new comedy was brought out, M. Dumas read it in presence of a committee composed of Mademoiselle Mars, Messrs. Firmin, Fereol, Lockroy, and Doctor Piron. The writer had previously communicated to the gentlemen present, that his play contained two female characters, one eighteen years of age, the other thirty-five. During the reading, every body said to himself. "Madame de Prie! Madame de Prie! That is the character suited for her." But the moment the reading was terminated, Mademoiselle Mars anticipated all remarks by saying, "It is very good, and the character of Mademoiselle de Belle Isle suits me very well. I accept it." M. Lockroy was the only person present who ventured to insinuate anything about "age." Mademoiselle Mars was then sixty years old! But the success of the play was perfect. Mademoiselle de Belle Isle is almost universally acknowledged to have been one of the most refined and pathetic performances of the great comedian.

III.—HER ADMIRERS.

The enthusiasm excited by the acting of Mademoiselle Mars was sometimes manifested in an extraordinary manner. She used to relate that, at the first representation of "Clotilde," by F. Soulie and A. Bossange, in 1832, between the second and third act a man made his way through the crowd, and throwing himself at her feet, seized her hands, which he passionately kissed, while he exclaimed, breathless with agitation, "Oh! you are truly the great woman—great and superb amongst all." The enthusiast was Paul Delaroche, who at that time had an intimacy with Mademoiselle Anais, and Mademoiselle Mars did not disguise how much she felt at such a mark of esteem. But these her public triumphs were not her only ones. She related that she once had recourse to an American dentist, for the relief of toothache. The dentist removed fragments of a decayed tooth, which caused the irritation, and when she wished to recompense him, "No, indeed," he said, in the most graceful manner possible, "I am sufficiently rewarded by having been permitted to see the finest teeth in the world."

The riches accumulated by Mademoiselle Mars by her professional successes, and by presents from her admirers, were a source of as much trouble and annoyance as they were productive of advantages to her. Her diamonds and jewels appear, indeed, to have haunted her perpetually. The following is her own narrative.

"At the time of the occupation of Paris by the allies I was very timid, and I lived in a little apartment in the Rue Feydeau. They had billeted a Cossack chief and his servant upon me. Every morning I saw from my window, which looked upon the yard, a very curious sight; these gentlemen, master and valet, had themselves shaved in the open air. The Cossack barber next placed the basin upon the head of the patient, and its circumference marked the line for cutting his hair. After such barbarous practices, when I saw the chieftain approaching me, with a look which he endeavoured to make as amiable as possible, I felt inclined to exclaim, 'Cossack! what do you want with me?'

"At that time, happily for me, I had very few diamonds, but on the other hand I had a constant dread of robbery. One day, walking with Madame N—— in the wood of Boulogne, I pointed out to her a large tree at the bottom of which I thought I would bury my diamonds.

"Madame N—— had much difficulty in dissuading me from this resolve, and lucky it was that I followed her advice, for, after the departure of our friends the Cossacks, having returned to the wood, I found the trees burnt down, the ground turned up, the desolation of a bivouac manifest everywhere, and I smiled at the idea of what a hiding-place I should have chosen.

"Sometimes I thought of raising up a corner stone in the streets, but then again, the memory of the 'forty thieves' prevented me. At length, after many doubts, anxieties, reflections, and anxieties, here is the expedient that I adopted. I had forty tin boxes made, in which I placed in some my jewels, in others my gold. I had these boxes fastened together by a rope, and suspended by a nail, in a place adjacent to my apartment."

Fear and anxiety, however, do not avert danger. At the instigation of Duchesnois and Talma, Mademoiselle Mars had purchased a small "hotel," Rue de la Tour des Dames. It was in this hotel that Mullon, the husband of her *femme de chambre*, succeeded in carrying off the object of all her fears and solicitude. Madame Aclocque relates, that after the performances were over, and when they were about to start for the "*petit soupers*" of the Rue de Rivoli, Mademoiselle Mars used to give her the box with the jewels, would place her arm within that of one of the gentleman attendants, and say, "Walk on, but be invincible, for you carry the dowery of the '*Fille d'honneur.*'" This was in allusion to certain presents which she had received upon the first performance of the piece in question.

The double misfortune met with in the Rue de la Tour des Dames, induced Mademoiselle Mars to emigrate to the Rue de la Rochefaucauld, where the success that had attended the first robbery led a certain Garcin, an old servant of Mademoiselle Mars, to effect a second; and upon this occasion a large knife was found under the cushion of an arm-chair in the actress's apartment. Mademoiselle Mars was now exceedingly intimidated, and she began to entertain fears for her personal safety. Some of her friends recommended her to purchase false diamonds, but she answered, "Molière could do without diamonds, so shall I." She accordingly appeared before the public without *aigrette* or *rivière*, and the public appreciated the sacrifice and applauded. In after times, Mademoiselle Mars deposited her valuables in the bank, which led to many extemporised good things, among which was one that concluded by saying, "that in order that nothing should be wanting to the treasure, the charming Mars must take up her abode in the bank with her casket."

IV.—THE STORY OF THE VIOLETS.

Madame Aclocque ventured, in her intimate conversations, to allude to so delicate a subject as the great actress's friendship for the Emperor Napoleon. She said, that while she was giving lessons of elocution to the Princess Eliza, she experienced feelings of extreme timidity, which she could not overcome, hoping and fearing at the same time to see Buonaparte. Madame A—— surmised that this arose from a softer sentiment that had been awakened in the emperor's favour. "If it was love," she answered, "I really cannot tell you. At all events it was a sentiment made expressly for him alone, for I never felt it for any one else, no more than he resembled any one else."

The partiality of the great actress for the still greater actor, led to the only public event that chequered the ordinary routine of domestic and theatrical occurrences throughout the whole of her life—an existence which one of her biographers has remarked, was "rich in glory but poor in adventures."

After the restoration of the Bourbons, violets remained the insignia of the Buonapartists. Mademoiselle Mars, who did not care to disguise her predilections, appeared at that period at the Champ de Mai, with a white dress decorated with the seditious symbol. It has been attempted to explain the act away as having had its origin in the simple love which Mademoiselle Mars bore to a flower with so sweet a perfume, but this is now perfectly unnecessary. M. de Keratry in his funereal discourse alludes openly to the fact, that the flower of spring bore an emblematic character, and a nation's recollections placed a bouquet of the proscribed flowers upon her coffin.

But great was the commotion produced by this indirect, yet eloquent demonstration of feeling on the part of the actress, in 1815. A great lady denounced Mademoiselle Mars to the Duke de Duras, and the whole court was thrown into agitation. At the theatre, for the first time, the public favourite was hissed, and she was called upon to cry out "Vive le Roi." "What do they want?" inquired the actress, with one of her looks of charming ingenuousness. According to some, Fleury, according to others, Baptiste, explained that she was requested to exclaim, "Vive le Roi." "I have already cried out 'Vive le Roi,'" answered Mademoiselle, saving her popularity without offending her conscience.

V.—HER DEATH AND BURIAL.

Mademoiselle Mars made her last appearance before the public on the 8th of March, 1841, when she played for the last time Céliméne (a character she had so identified with herself, that her town residence was often designated as the Hotel Céliméne), and her no less favourite character of Araminte, in the "Fausses Confidences." Never did a dramatic solemnity produce so deep a sensation.

Mademoiselle Mars retired from that period to the enjoyment of domestic peace and happiness. This was further ensured by a valuable appointment conferred by government, that of inspector of dramatic studies at the Conservatoire.

The 26th of May, 1844, she was awakened by an extraordinary noise in her head, which she described as if a flight of bees were in the room. Doctor Piron ordered twenty leeches to be applied, but she remained deaf for twelve days afterwards. From that time forward she became thoughtful, and often melancholy. She was much affected by hearing of the death of any of her acquaintances. At length cerebral irritation declared itself, and was followed by persistent delirium, from which she was relieved by death the 20th of March, 1847.

Brindeau announced the sad event the same evening at the Théâtre Français in the following words—"Gentlemen, it grieves us to have to announce the death of that great actress who was called Mademoiselle Mars."

Mademoiselle Mars has left a son who succeeds to all her wealth. Twenty years before she had lost a beloved daughter, who had followed an elder brother to the grave. Upon that sad occasion she withdrew herself from the stage during a whole year.

A thousand anecdotes have been published, illustrating the private character and disposition of one so celebrated. It is certain that Mademoiselle Mars was any thing but illiterate, and it is well known that she studied, and was partially acquainted with both the English and Italian languages. Her whole life was one of almost classical simplicity. Her great pleasure was to live in the midst of a small circle of men of letters, artists, and persons of distinction, whose conversation improved her mind. Her feelings of propriety were instinctive. She was much shocked at a benefit for the young Rachels, seeing a brother and sister playing the parts of lovers. Of Madame Lafarge she used to say, "That woman fills me with horror, with her twenty-four years of age, and her gangrenous nature!"

Mademoiselle Mars was of an exceedingly charitable disposition, notwithstanding her predominant anxiety about her diamonds. Madame Aclocque relates, that she has often seen her wrap twenty francs in a bit of flannel, and send them to a friend in distress.

The funeral of Mademoiselle Mars was a great public solemnity. Service was performed at La Madeline, the chief mourners being Messrs. Keratry, Viennet, Liardères, Baron Taylor, Auber, and Samson.

The companies from all the principal theatres in Paris were there in a body. A crowd of men of letters, artists, musicians, and other public characters were also there. Upwards of forty carriages, conveying ladies, joined the procession that followed the coffin to the grave. M. Samson expressed in the name of the Comedie Française, the regrets experienced at the heavy loss which art had sustained in the person of Mademoiselle Mars. M. de Keratry, Peer of France, and Vice-President of the Commissions of the Royal Theatres, pronounced a lengthened panegyric on the talent, genius, and goodness, of the deceased. The Baron Taylor delivered for M. Viennet, in the name of the dramatic commission, a grateful farewell to one, who had, more than any other, contributed to the success of dramatic authors: and, finally, it was resolved that, as with Talma, her name shall be Mademoiselle Mars' sole monumental memorial.—*New Monthly.*

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY ABOUT A DARNING-NEEDLE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Grandmother is so old, she has so many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes—they shine like two stars, nay, they are much brighter, they are so mild, so blissful to look into; and then she knows the most amusing and prettiest stories, as you shall hear; and she has a gown with large flowers on it,—it is of such thick silk that it actually rattles. Grandmother knows so much, for she has lived long before father and mother, that is quite sure!

Grandmother has a psalm-book with thick silver clasps, and in that book she often reads:—in the middle of it lies a rose, it is quite flat and dry, it is not so pretty as the roses she has in the glass vase, and yet she smiles the kindliest to it, nay, even tears come in her eyes!

Why does grandmother look thus on the withered flower in the old book?

Do you know why? Every time that grandmother's tears fall on the flower the colours become fresher, the rose then swells, and the whole room is filled with fragrance; the walls sink as if they were but mists, and round about it is the green, the delightful grove where the sun shines between the leaves,—and grandmother—yes, she is quite young, she is a beautiful girl with flaxen hair, with round red cheeks, pretty and charming, no rose is fresher—yet the eyes, the mild, blissful eyes,—yes, they are still grandmother's.

By her side sits a young man, young and strong, he presents the rose to her and she smiles—yet grandmother does not smile so!—yes, the smile

comes,—he is gone, many thoughts and many forms go past! That handsome man is gone, the rose lies in the psalm-book, and grandmother—yes, she again sits like an old woman, and looks on the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now grandmother is dead!

She sat in the arm-chair and told a sweet story, but not that which you are now to hear,—she said that it was at an end, that she was now tired, and she laid her head back to sleep; she drew her breath, she slept, but it became more and more still, and her face was so full of peace and happiness, it was as if the sun's rays passed over it; she smiled, and then they said that she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin, she was laid in white linen; she was so pretty, and yet her eyes were closed; but all the wrinkles were gone, she lay with a smile around her mouth; her hair was so silvery white, so venerable, one was not at all afraid to look on the dead, for it was the sweet, benign grandmother.

And the psalm-book was laid in the coffin under her head, she herself had requested it, and the rose lay in the old book—and then they buried grandmother.

On the grave, close under the churchyard wall, they planted a rose-tree, and it stood full of roses, and they nodded in the wind and said to one another: "how delightful it is to flower in the warm sunshine! to bathe in dew and moonshine! and then when one is prettiest of all, there comes an affectionate hand to pluck us for the most bewitching of girls. How we shall blush! what fragrance we shall exhale!"

And the nightingale heard what the roses said, and it sang about the rose which the young girl laid in her psalm-book, which was kept there till the fresh cheeks were wrinkled, till the young girl became an old woman.

It is delightful to live in remembrance!

There is earth over the coffin, there is earth within it, the psalm-book's leaves are dust, the rose with all its recollections falls to dust, but above it bloom new roses, above it sings the nightingale, and the organ plays; we think of that dear old grandmother, with the mild, eternally young eyes. Eyes can never die,—ours shall once see her young and beautiful, as when she the first time kissed the fresh red rose which is now dust in the grave.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY ABOUT A DARNING-NEEDLE.

There was once a darning-needle, and she was so fine that she imagined that she was a sewing-needle. "Now, only look what you are taking hold of!" said the darning-needle to the fingers that held it. "Do not lose me! if I fall on the floor you may not find me again, I am so fine!"

"Oh! you are not so very fine!" said the fingers, and so they pinched her tight round the waist.

"Do you see? I come with a *suite!*" said the darning-needle, and then she drew a long thread after her, but which, however, had no knot.

The fingers steered the needle straight towards the cook's slipper where the upper leather was cracked, and should be sown together.

"This is mean work!" said the darning-needle. "I shall never get through it, I shall break! I shall break!"—and then she broke.

"Did I not say so!" said the darning-needle. "I am too fine!"

"She is now good for nothing," thought the fingers, but yet they were obliged to hold fast; the cook dropped some sealing-wax on her, and then stuck her in her kerchief in front.

"See, now I am a breast-pin!" said she; "I knew well that I should come to honour; when one *is* something one always becomes something more!" and then she laughed to herself, for one can always see on a darning-needle when it laughs,—there she now sat, as proudly as if she rode in a carriage, and looked on all sides.

"May I have the honour to ask you if you are of gold?" said she to the pin, her neighbour. "You have a handsome exterior, and your own head, but it is rather little; you must look to it, and see that it grows, for we cannot all have a wax end!" and then the darning-needle raised her head so proudly that she came quite out of the neckerchief and into the sink, just as the cook had washed up.

"Now we are going on our travels!" said the darning-needle; "if I only be not lost!" but that she was.

"I am too fine for this world!" said she, as she sat in the gutter. "I have a good conscience, and that is always some pleasure!" and so she held herself erect, and didn't lose her good humour.

All sorts of things sailed over her,—sticks, straws, and pieces of newspapers. "See, how they sail!" said she. "They don't know what is under them! See now, there goes a *stick;* he thinks of nothing in the world except sticks, and *a stick he is.* There floats a straw; see how it swings! see how it turns! Don't think so much of yourself, you may knock your head against the pavement! There goes a slip of a newspaper!—that which it contains is forgotten, and yet it *squares itself so!* I sit still and patiently! I know what I am, and what I shall be!"

One day there was something that shone so brightly close by, and so the darning-needle thought it was a diamond, but it was only a piece of a broken bottle! As it shone the darning-needle spoke to it, and made herself known as a breast-pin! "You are certainly a diamond?"—"Yes, I am something of the kind!" and so the one thought that the other was really something precious, and then they spoke about the arrogance of the world.

"Yes, I have lived in a maid's box," said the darning-needle, "and that maid was a cook-maid; she had five fingers on each hand, but I never knew anything so conceited, and yet they were only permitted to hold me, take me out of the box, and lay me in the box again."

"Was there any polish about them?" asked the piece of glass.

"Polish!" said the darning-needle, "no, there was arrogance! they were five, brothers and sisters, all born fingers—they kept close together and straight up to each other, though of different lengths. It was boasting, and nothing but boasting with them, and so I left them and went into *the sink!*"

"And now we sit here and glisten!" said the piece of glass. At the same moment there came more water into the gutter, it streamed over on both sides, and washed the piece of glass away with it.

"See now, that was promotion!" said the darning-needle. "I must sit here, but that is my pride, and it is respectable!" and so it sat upright, and had many thoughts.

"I could almost fancy that I was born of a sunbeam, I am so fine! it also appears to me that the sun always seeks me under the water. Alas! I am so fine that my mother cannot find me. Had I but my old eye, which broke, I think I could cry!—though to cry is not fine!"

One day some street boys raked about in the gutter, where they found old nails, farthings, and such things. It was piggish, but it was their pleasure.

"Oh!" exclaimed one of them, for the darning-needle had stuck in his finger; "there's a fellow!" said he, as he drew her forth.

"I am no fellow!—I am a maiden!" said the darning-needle; but no one heard it. The sealing-wax had gone off her and she had become black; but black makes one thinner, and so she thought that she was still finer than before.

"There comes an egg-shell sailing along," said the boys, and then they stuck the darning-needle fast in the shell.

"White walls, and black myself!" said she, "that suits well together; now they can see me if I only be not sea-sick, for then I shall go to pieces;" but she was not sea-sick.

"It is a good remedy against sea-sickness to have a steel stomach, and then always to remember that one is a little more than a man! Now mine has passed off; yes, the finer one is, the more can one *bear.*"

"Crash!" said the egg-shell, as a loaded waggon passed over it. "Oh! how it pinches! I cannot bear this," said the darning-needle; "now, I know I shall be sea-sick—I am breaking—I am breaking!" but she did not break, although a loaded waggon passed over her—she lay lengthwise—and there she may remain till—

I tell you another of grandmother's stories.

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

Continued.

It was impossible that two spirits such as Talleyrand and Mirabeau could move in the same political arena without being either allied by friendship or opposed by enmity. They maintained an intimate correspondence before the outbreak of the first violences of the Revolution. Mirabeau had been sent on a mission to Berlin—an appointment which he owed to the influence of Talleyrand. While there their correspondence was continued. Soon afterwards, obeying one of those inexplicable impulses, by which he was sometimes moved, and forgetful of the rights of friendship, and the common principles of honour, Mirabeau sold and published the private correspondence which took place between them during his residence at Berlin, which contained many secret anecdotes of that court, at the epoch of the death of Frederic the Great. As nothing could excuse or palliate so flagrant a breach of confidence, this step on the part of Mirabeau produced an immediate estrangement between them, and their friendship terminated for life. The emotion, the stupor, we may say, with which all Paris was struck when it became known that Mirabeau was sinking under a mortal malady, will be fresh in the recollection of every reader of European history. Never was the existence of an individual more important to his country, than was that of Mirabeau at that juncture. He was the last stay of constitutional monarchy, the last hope of royalty, the last barrier between anarchy and order. At such a moment, and in such circumstances, Talleyrand forgot all his resentments and forgave all his injuries, and went like all others who had the well-being of the nation at heart from hour to hour, to seek a glimmering of hope at the gate of the expiring statesman. Mirabeau, as his last moments approached, expressed a wish to see him. On the 1st of April, Talleyrand was conducted to the bedside of his dying friend, where an immediate reconciliation ensued. "One-half of Paris," said Talleyrand, "waits in the agony of fear at your doors, trembling at the calamity they must sustain in your loss; I came there like all the rest, with my melancholy inquiries hourly, and bitterly regretted not being permitted to enter." He remained two hours, alone engaged in earnest conversation with the dying Tribune, who was deeply touched with this revival of friendship at his last hour. All that passed on this solemn occasion will not be known until the day arrives at which those posthumous memoirs left by Talleyrand can, under the conditions of his will, be published. But we know that Mirabeau placed in his hands the manuscript of his discourse on the law of succession in the direct line, in the composition of which he was surprised by the inexorable hand of death, and desired Talleyrand to read it in his name to the assembly. In accordance with this request, the next day, a few hours after the death of Mirabeau, Talleyrand ascended the tribune of the Assembly, to discharge this last duty. The emotion was universal and intense, when he said—"Mirabeau is no more; I bring you his last work, and so inseparable were his thoughts and feelings from the good of his country, that in listening to me reading this to you, you may consider that you receive his last sigh."

When the importance of the measures which it brought into practical effect, and the various vested interests which were struck by them, are considered, it will not be surprising that the Assembly became the object of bitter attack, and that its proceedings were misrepresented, and its motives maligned. In fact, these assaults on the part of large and influential classes became so serious, that it was at length deemed necessary to reply to them, and to vindicate the Assembly from the aspersions thus cast upon it. It was, therefore, resolved to prepare and publish an "Address to the Nation," justifying all that the Assembly had done, and all that it desired to do. Talleyrand was charged with the composition of this important document, which was read by him to the Assembly twice, on the 10th and 11th February, 1790, amidst the most enthusiastic manifestations of admiration and applause.

This discourse has been ever regarded as a chef d'œuvre of parliamentary style. Never were more generous sentiments clothed in more noble language. It was the most perfect expression of that fervent desire for the public good, that hopeful optimism, that unbounded confidence in the force of the human mind, and in the good instincts of human nature, which were conspicuous in all the proceedings of the constituent Assembly, and which sometimes exposed it to the commission of evil in the too impetuous and unreflecting pursuit of good.

In this address, after having explained and defended all the proceedings and the measures adopted by the Assembly, until February, 1790, the author says:—

"Behold our work. Frenchmen, or rather behold yours, for we are only your organs, and it is you that have enlightened, encouraged, and sustained us in our labours. And yet what has not been said, what has not been done to efface from your minds the impression of the great good that has been effected?

"We are reproached with all that we have pulled down. True, but let it be remembered that it was our mission to re-construct. We are told that our proceedings have been precipitate. Precipitate! But who is ignorant that in order to be effectually delivered from abuses they must be attacked with promptitude?

"Our meetings, it is said, have been tumultuous! But it so; but what does that matter if our measures have been provident? Far be it from us to offer the details of our debates for your admiration. More than once we have been ourselves afflicted by them, but we felt at the same time that it would be unjust not to make allowances for excesses.

"We are charged with aspiring to a chimerical degree of perfection; a reproach under which it is easy to perceive the desire to perpetuate abuses.

"It is impossible, we are told, for a nation like France, old and corrupted, to be regenerated. We answer that it is the corrupted only that desire to perpetuate corrupting abuses, and that a nation recovers its youthful vigour when it resolves to be free.

"We have exceeded our powers!—The answer is obvious. We were charged to make a constitution. Does not the very nature of such a commission infer the plenitude of power?"

Then, presenting a view of all the reforms which the constituent Assembly still intended to effect, but which hitherto it had not had time to accomplish, the author closed his discourse by an eloquent appeal to the nation to maintain the public tranquillity, to aim at the preservation of concord, to respect the law, and the king, the constitutional guardian of the law, to practise generosity towards the party over whom the revolution had triumphed, and whose regret for the advantages they had lost was natural and excusable.

"Courage, perseverance, generosity! Those virtues of liberty we ask you in the sacred name of liberty itself. Do not retard, do not dishonour the most noble work which has ever been recorded in the annals of a nation. As for us, pursuing steadily our laborious task, consecrating ourselves to the vast work of the Constitution—your work as much as ours—we will complete it, aided by all the lights of our age, and surmounting all the obstacles opposed to us. With consciences satisfied, with understandings convinced, happy in the happiness our work must confer on you, we will place in your hands the sacred deposit of the Constitution, under the safeguard of those new virtues which will spring up in your souls on the first day of your freedom. Raised to the rank of citizens, eligible to all offices, enlightened censors of the public administration, or taking yourselves an active part in that administration, sure that all is done is done by you, or for you, equal before the law, free to act, to speak, and to write, accountable for your thoughts only to good, moved by a common will, can any condition be more noble? Lives there a citizen really worthy of the name who would dare to turn his looks on the past, who would desire to raise again the wreck with which we are surrounded, or to reconstruct the ancient social edifice?"

When we consider, on the one hand, the terrible events which soon followed the promulgation of this address, and the flagrant contradiction which they gave to the high-sounding anticipations so eloquently there set forth, and on the other hand the undisputed sagacity and matchless foresight of its author, it is impossible not to admit a doubt that he really entertained that faith in his heart, and that conviction in his understanding, which are there expressed. Had he really those high hopes of national regeneration which he expressed with such fervid eloquence? or did he play the part of a mere advocate, pleading what seemed most for the advantage of that body in whose name he spoke, without any innate conviction of the reality or truth of whathe uttered?

Without charging Talleyrand on this occasion with culpable hypocrisy or duplicity, and without derogating from his known penetration and foresight, it may be easily conceived that, in composing such an address, he may have had covertly the purpose of making it serve as an exhortation to the nation as well as a defence of the Assembly. Indeed, it is not difficult to perceive in it a desire to awaken generous sympathies, oblivion of injuries, and love of order.

The prominent part which Talleyrand had now taken in the Assembly, rendered him extremely obnoxious with many parties holding various and opposing opinions, and actuated by different and conflicting interests. On the one side the whole body of the superior clergy and a large part of the inferior ecclesiastics were furious against him as a renegade from their order, who had wrested from them their property, stripped them of their influence, degraded them from their independence of a separate branch of the state, placed them in subserviency to the civil power, and subjected them to an offensive and inadmissible civil test. The animosity of this body was even pushed to projects of assassination. The secular aristocracy was not less hostile to him than the ecclesiastical. Of noble descent, he had, according to them, belied his ancestors by the part he had acted. A renegade aristocrat, he helped to pull down the body he had deserted.

On the other hand, the extreme radical party had now begun to rise into influence, and the elements of Jacobinism were fermenting. The majority of the constituent Assembly, of which Talleyrand has been one of the leaders, and since the death of Mirabeau, the chief leader, was split into sections advocating different courses, and led by different orators. The populace outside had begun to make itself audible within, and powerfully influenced the deliberations. The future terrorists and Jacobins saw in Talleyrand nothing but a personage odious in every point of view—odious as a bishop—odious as an aristocrat by birth, and above all, odious by the moderation of his revolutionary doctrines.

Thus beset with hostility on every side—hated equally by the friends of monarchy and the partisans of revolution, it is but justice to say that his consistency and perseverance in the same line of moderate constitutional reform indicate great moral courage, a lively faith in the rectitude of the course he followed, and a tenacity of purpose manifested in the face of proscription and persecution which ought to command respect.

The course of affairs soon produced an occasion by which that talent was elicited, the exercise of which was destined subsequently to surround the name of Talleyrand with so much renown, and to place him in the highest rank of diplomacy. Being elected under the legislative assembly as one of the Directors of the Department of the Seine, with Sieyes, the Duc de Rochefaucauld, and Rœderer as colleagues, he was charged with an important mission to London. The members of the Assembly being excluded from all executive functions, he could not be nominated to the office of Ambassador. The Girondist ministry, however, were so persuaded of the benefit of his talents in the mission, that they contrived to elude the difficulty by giving the title of Ambassador to M. de Chauvelin, a young man without abilities or importance, leaving the functions of the Legation to be discharged by M. Talleyrand. He accordingly left Paris on the 15th of January, 1792, specially accredited to the cabinet of St. James, to negociate a national alliance, in contradistinction and opposition to he family alliances which the agents of the court had contracted with the houses of Austria and Bourbon.

The uncertain state of political affairs in France, and the violent disagreement between parties, left the English government little disposed to contract a close union with France. But a strict neutrality in the case of war, which, at the moment, was the policy of England, was not difficult to be obtained. In this Talleyrand fully succeeded. The object of the Continental powers, at that epoch, was to suppress the revolutionary movement in France, by the combined operation of their own armies and the navies of England. This object was frustrated by a declaration of neutrality, which Talleyrand procured from the Cabinet of St James. Such was the negociation by which this illustrious diplomate commenced his career, on the spot where, forty years afterwards, he succeeded in attaining the same object.

On the occasion of this visit to the British metropolis, he was, as might be expected, coldly received by the Tory party, who had then almost a monopoly of office. He was, however, cordially received by Fox and Sheridan, with whom he contracted a friendship, and left among the Whig party recollections which were revived, when at the end of another half century, he was called on to fill the office of French Ambassador at London, and bring the nation into that close alliance, which, in all the political changes which he witnessed, and in which he participated, had ever been a favourite object of his policy.

Having returned to Paris a short time before the 10th of August, he witnessed the catastrophe of that memorable day. This, and the terrible proceeding which immediately succeeded it, inspired him with the strongest desire to quit the scene of events which he could neither approve nor effectually oppose. Being unable or unwilling to associate himself with the party of the emigration, of whom he had already incurred the hatred, he solicited of Danton, then a member of the provisional executive Council, a passport, to return to London, and to act there in a semi-official capacity, to prevent a rupture between England and the new government at Paris. Here, although not charged with any real functions, yet, desiring to be useful to his country, at least by his counsels, if not by his acts, he addressed to it rules for its foreign policy, marked by most prudent and enlightened moderation. On the new republic he endeavoured to impress the policy of showing itself disinterested in its triumphs. He showed that the territory of France was sufficient for her greatness, and for the future development of her industry and wealth; that her interest as well as her honour was engaged, not to attempt acquisition by conquest; that every addition she might make to her actual territory would be a new source of danger to her, raising against her a swarm of enemies, and a stain upon her glory, by belying the solemn declarations made by her at the commencement of the Revolution; and in fine, that her policy should be directed, not to the acquisition of territory, but to the emancipation of other nations.

Soon after these wise and moderate counsels were offered to France, the revolutionary fever, as is well known, attained its crisis, and wisdom was unheard in the tempest of passion which ensued. It was impossible that Great Britain could continue to stand neuter with the atrocities committed in Paris going on under her eyes. Equally obnoxious to the Tories of London and the Jacobins of Paris, Talleyrand was simultaneously the object of attack by both. Almost on the same day he was denounced by the party of Robespierre, in the one capital, and ordered by Mr. Pitt, in the other, to quit England in twenty-four hours. Europe was closed against him.

Accompanied by M. Beaumetz, another moderate member of the Constituent Assembly, he embarked for the United States, where, during the convulsions of the Reign of Terror, the descendant of the Perigords, the ex-bishop, the ex-constituent, the ex-diplomatist, occupied himself in mercantile affairs, and augmented the resources which remained to him, by speculating in sugar and cotton.

After the fall of Robespierre, he addressed a petition to the Convention, to demand that his name should be erased from the list of emigrants, on the ground that he had never in fact emigrated, having been sent officially to England, and been prevented from returning by the violent and unjust proceedings of the Terrorists. A long delay having ensued in the arrival of the answer to this petition, he resolved on making a commercial voyage to India, and with that view had freighted a ship, and was in the act of embarking, when he received a despatch which informed him of his recall to his native country. The Convention, having recovered from the fever of violence which was at its height under Robespierre, and returned to sentiments of moderation and justice, had been urged by Chenier, at the instance of Madame de Staël, to recall Talleyrand.

"I claim from you Talleyrand," said Chenier. "I ask him for the sake of the numerous services rendered by him to the cause of the Revolution: I demand him in the name of national equity; I demand him in the name of the Republic, which he can serve by his talents."

"He is not an emigrant," added Boissy d'Anglas: "if he had returned to France after the decree against him, he would inevitably have been sacrificed, and you would have had the loss of one more man of genius to lament. Since you would have given your tears to his memory, why should you not be just to himself and to his talents, which may be rendered so useful to the Republic! I move that the decree for his recall be put to the vote."

The resolution was carried by acclamation on the 4th of September, 1795, accompanied by the most flattering compliments to the illustrious Exile.

The National Institute had just been founded at this period, in accordance with the great plan of public instruction which Talleyrand had prepared, and which we have already alluded to. Without waiting for his return to France, that distinguished body elected him one of its members. This was an appropriate and acceptable homage to him whose conception it realized, and who had given it its name. Called to the section of moral and political sciences, he took his seat there on his return to France, and soon after accepted the office of secretary to it. He read at a later period at its meetings two memoirs, the first upon the commercial relations between the United States and Great Britain. This essay presented the result of his observations, during his residence in America, on the political and social condition of that country. The second was upon the advantages of establishing French colonies in lieu of those which the nation lost in the Revolution. By means of these he proposed to open a new field of action for that large number of French citizens, in whom the Revolution created a yearning after adventurous projects, and in whom it had raised hopes still unsatisfied.

Literary success, however, was with Talleyrand a secondary object. He regarded it merely as means towards an end. His views were directed towards public affairs, in which it may well be believed that he was conscious of his high capacity.

On returning to Europe, thinking that matters were not yet ripe for him in Paris, he established himself in Hamburgh, whence he might observe the progress of events. It was there he became acquainted with Mrs. Grant, a lady of great personal beauty, whom at a later period, when at the epoch of the Concordat, he succeeded in persuading Pope Pius VII. to restore him by a brief to the secular state, he married.

He remained in Hamburgh until the constitution of the third year of the Republic was established. The Directory having then assumed their functions, he considered that circumstances had become sufficiently favourable to his views, and accordingly came to Paris with the intention of accepting public office, which could not fail to be offered to him. His arrival in the capital after so long an absence, during which political and social events so momentous had occurred, produced a considerable sensation. Lively impressions of the part he had formerly played in the great revolutionary drama, still remained in the memories of those who survived, and amidst those scenes of pleasure and dissipation which suc-

ceeded the terrors of 1793-4, in that strange society which then figured in the salons of Paris, composed of such heterogeneous elements, he found no difficulty in reassuming that eminent position due to his talents, and in turning to the profit of his ambition, the reputation of his name, the charms of his wit, and the polish of his manners.

He soon established a connexion with Barras, and was assiduous in his devotions to Madame Tallien, Madame de Stael, and Madame Beauharnais, whose salons were then the focus of all the genius and distinction of Paris. At the house of the last he formed the acquaintance of Bonaparte before his departure to assume the command of the army of Italy, and when he had not yet invested his name with that renown which the Italian campaign conferred upon it.

The ambition of Talleyrand for office did not remain long ungratified. Proposed more than once by Barras, for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, his appointment was opposed by Carnot, whose extreme democratic principles were not in harmony with the moderation of the aspirant. When, however, the proscription of Carnot and Barthelemy had been resolved on by the other Directors, Talleyrand was called to replace Delacroix in the department of Foreign Affairs.

This occurred in the latter part of July, 1797, and about a month before the coup d'etat of the 18th Fructidor, in which the new minister took an active part, co-operating with the majority of the Directory, not only against their own minority, but against the majority of the legislative body. This proceeding led to an intimate correspondence between Talleyrand and Bonaparte, whose victories at that moment engrossed the public attention and attracted universal admiration. The foreign minister was too far-sighted not to foresee the approaching fall of the government under which he served, nor did his sagacity fail to recognize in the victories of Italy the harbingers of that great power, which was soon destined to leave such memorable traces in the annals of Europe.

Meanwhile it was an object of high importance to compel the old Powers of Europe to acknowledge the Revolution. This was accomplished by the only means which could attain it—the force of arms. Thrones being menaced, their possessors trembled and negotiated. Spain and Prussia entered into treaty with the revolutionary government at Bale, and the King of Sardinia acknowledged it at Cherasque, at the time Talleyrand took the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. This presented him with the first opportunity of carrying out in practice the views which he urged upon the government in 1792, that the mission of France was not conquest, but the emancipation of nations, and the consolidation of peace secured by the wide diffusion of constitutional liberty. In attempting to realise this theory, the Ligurean, Cisalpine, Helvetic, Roman, and Batavian Republics were successively established; the peace of Campo Formio was forced upon Austria; and the conferences of Rastadt and the negociation of Lille seemed to indicate the approaching resignation of all Europe to the results of the Revolution.

The military enthusiasm of which the French people were so signally susceptible, was kindled. The cold indifference required by the Theory of democracy could not be sustained. Faith in religion was destroyed; faith in principles had no living activity. Faith in something was required by the very constitution of human nature, and eminently demanded by the French nature. Talleyrand clearly saw that the issue would be *personal* faith. He recognized in the young conqueror, whose victories had already challenged comparison with those of Alexander, the object of the new worship. He saw in him all the conditions to ensure success and to promise eminence. Trained in the school of war which has given to the world so many illustrious men, he would gain that quickness of apprehension, that precision of view, and that promptitude of action, which are necessary to govern a people, to negociate with governments, to decide the fate of empires, and to gain that self-possession so indispensable in terrible emergencies. Accordingly, when the victorious general returned to Paris, after having gained five pitched battles, destroyed four hostile armies, taken one hundred and fifty thousand prisoners, an hundred and seventy standards, and above six thousand cannon, forced the Italian government to submission, and signed a peace with the imperial house of Austria, he became at once the centre of all hopes and the object of all admiration. He was saluted with the title of "hero," and an ovation was prepared for him at the Luxembourg, where he presented to the heads of the government, in the midst of the flags he had taken, and accompanied by the thunder of artillery, the treaty of Campo Formio. On the occasion of this solemnity, M. Talleyrand, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, presented him to the Directory, and did not scruple to predict his approaching destiny. "Far from fearing," said he, "what will be called his ambition, I am persuaded that the day is at hand when it will behove us to solicit it."

Notwithstanding the elegant flattery of Talleyrand, and the base servility of Barras, Bonaparte at this epoch had sagacity enough to see that the government was not yet sufficiently embroiled by the parties into which it was divided and those who were opposed to it, to render any movement on his part safe or expedient. He determined to wait till France, fatigued by faction, would hail with unanimity his elevation to political power, and accordingly the expedition to Egypt was projected, and he departed to pave the way to his future dictatorship by new victories.

His departure seemed to be the disappearance of the good genius of his country. Victory and success departed with him. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, no longer supported by so powerful an auxiliary, soon found himself and the government involved in difficulties. The congress of Rastadt, which had met to settle the basis of a general peace, was dissolved by the influence of Great Britain. The conferences with that power, which had been opened at Lille, proved to be delusive. France, distracted by internal dissensions, and deprived of the services of her greatest general, was regarded as an easy object of subjugation. War ensued, which, on the part of Great Britain, was considered as war to the knife. Europe, which had been on the eve of pacification, was again in flames. Victory deserted the French flag. The Minister of Foreign Affairs now became the object of popular attack. He was charged with the responsibility for all the difficulties of the situation; and although, by the dissensions of the government, he was almost excluded from its deliberations, he was overwhelmed by the Press with accusations for its faults. Sieyés, who had just then entered the Directory, demanded his dismissal, which was feebly opposed by Barras and the other Directors, when, by a *coup d' etat* aimed by the legislature against the executive, three members of the Directory were removed. The Jacobin party, encouraged by this state of things, now raised violent clamours against Talleyrand, who, perceiving that a new crisis was approaching, prudently resigned.

Although the resignation was accepted with acknowledgments from the Directors sufficiently complimentary to the retiring minister, yet his retreat was followed by such a torrent of accusation from the press and the public that he found it necessary to publish a vindication, which appeared under the title of *Eclarcissements donnés à mes concitoyens.* In this pamphlet he reviewed his public acts during his ministry, and defended them. The charges universally circulated and credited of his insatiable desire for wealth, and the unscrupulous manner in which he was used to gratify it, he passed over in silence. Perhaps it would have been difficult to have replied to them in a satisfactory manner. To the charges of Royalism, which then rendered him much more obnoxious than any of the objectionable modes of obtaining money with which he was accused, he answered with great spirit and success. After enumerating all the causes for which he must be detested by the Bourbons and the party of the emigration, he added:—

"In the present excitement of the public mind there are but three suppositions possible; either the Republic will be established in the midst of the present chaos, or we shall fall back into confusion and anarchy; or in fine, royalty will resume its sway over us with increased tyranny and exasperation. Every other supposition appears to me a mere chimera, and surely I am sufficiently committed against the last two. The fate to which the one or the other would consign me is well known. It is, therefore, demonstrated, a thousand times proved that I have not, and cannot have, any other desire than for the establishment and glory of the Republic."

It is impossible for an impartial biographer to give the great diplomatist credit for sincerity in these declarations. He well knew, none better than he, that there was another side to the political dilemma. He knew that at the moment he wrote what we have quoted another solution to the question was floating over the waters of the Mediterranean, who would assuredly return, under one pretext or another, to seize the helm of the state, and sway the destinies of France.

To be continued.

THE FAT LITTLE MAN IN GRAY.

A WATERING PLACE MYSTERY.

"Who is he?" "I don't know." "What *can* he be?" "I cannot conjecture." "It's very odd." "Most equivocal." "Visiting every day." "*Twice*,—always admitted! Well, really I feel uneasy at residing near a person whose reputation may—I scarcely like to suggest—"

"You are too delicate, Letty! I'm quite satisfied she is a very undesirable neighbour: it will be better to give warning. How very unfortunate that we took the apartments for three months!"

"You are quite right, Bella dear!" responded the elder lady, taking her spectacles out of a shagreen case mounted with silver. "I wish we had brought Peter; but that's too late now. We must institute a vigilant observation; endeavour to ascertain the truth for ourselves as soon as possible; and—"

"Should it prove whatwe suspect, we will leave that very hour," concluded the younger and more impetuous speaker. "On no consideration would I remain separated only by a party-wall from an individual whose character is doubtful."

"The Miss Walmsleys," so was their card engraven, were sisters, spinsters of fifty, daughters of a deceased dignitary,—English *country* ladies. They were very good, very simple-minded, very pure in their notions—perhaps a little primitive: they were also a little proud, and valued themselves, not ungracefully, on their mother's gentle blood, and their father's standing in the Church. Always exclusive, but never more so than at B——, they *there* knew nothing and nobody,—that is, were total strangers to the gay world of that gay watering-place, and wholly ignorant of its gay doings and "scandalous chronicles." A week after they had engaged their apartments at Mrs. Belton's, something occurred to excite first their curiosity, then their surprise, finally their suspicion: the daily visits of a person in male attire to a lady residing "next door." The reader is possessed of "the Miss Walmsleys'" apprehensions on this delicate subject; but it had been agreed between the sisters that their doubts and misgivings as to the fair fame of their neighbour should be neither communicated to their landlady, nor confided to their attendant, until their own personal observation had fully confirmed them. It was, therefore, with some excitement that they listened to the following from their own maid.

"I don't like to frighten you, my ladies; but I know you're monstrous particular, and I'm afraid it's an oddish kind of lady that lives at the bay-window, my ladies," said the girl, placing the cold fowl before Miss Walmsley.

"Oddish! how—why?" demanded Miss Bella, looking up into the face of the speaker, and pouring the coffee askew.

"Another napkin, my lady, please. Why, she's rather a boldish look, ma'am,"—the sisters exchanged glances,—"and I see her every morning drest in white, a-watering her flowers."

"You may remove those baskets, Janet," cried Miss Walmsley, pointing nervously to the innocent *jardinieres;* "when the sun is on them the perfume is really oppressive. I believe *you* water them, do you not?"

"No, my lady, Miss Bella likes to do it."

"Oh, Bella dear!" sighed the older sister, casting a look of regret and anguish through her spectacles.

"You may water them in future, Janet; or, stay, let the French servant do it," said Miss Bella, fully comprehending the tender fear of her sister that in some degree or other their fair fame might be assimilated with that of their frailer neighbour, were they seen by ribald eyes dispensing pearly showers from a watering-pot upon the flowers in the window.

"She dresses in white, does she?"

"Always, my ladies; beautiful white Indy muslin, as fine as them cobwebs that flutter from the bushes in July; and she has a lovely white hand, as she seems vain of showing."

The ladies again glanced at each other,—one over her coffee-pot, the other from behind her handkerchief.

"There's a great pot of moss-roses in the middle window as she's always straightening and setting to rights; and, I declare to you ladies, any duchess might envy her rings, and be proud of her fingers."

"Indeed you seem to have taken much notice of this person," remarked Miss Walmsley. "Give me a fresh plate, and hand me the butter-knife."

"Yes, my lady. Well, I know it's not manners to stare; but I can't help it when I set my eyes on her,—she looks so uncommon particular, and makes such a show of herself."

"Shut the *persiennes* instantly, Janet, the sun is quite overpowering!" exclaimed Miss Bella, who began to dread imputation from even an open window.

"I will, my lady. Lor' bless me! my ladies, there's that queer little man going up to the house again!" cried the girl as she drew to the bright green sun-shutter.

"What queer little man?" asked both ladies at once, and half rising, as they interchanged most significant looks of alarm.

"A little fat man in gray as visits the bay window regular, without ever missing a day except Sunday."

"Janet shall bolt the *persiennes* in the morning; Mrs. Belton may have the flowers. We will never go out without Janet. I wish we had brought Peter!—and Jessie, dear little Jessie, would bark and raise an alarm if any one dared to molest us."

"I am not easy, Bella, I am not indeed," said her sister, tapping nervously on the table. "Suppose we order Jane to pack up, and send for Mrs. Belton; the two months' rent is no consideration weighed against our personal comfort and safety."

"Twenty-four guineas, Letty; upon my word, I don't know what to say about sacrificing so much."

"Fiddlestick!" cried Miss Walmsley, provoked and terrified; and she laid her soft white hand on the bell. Janet appeared.

"Present our respects to Mrs. Belton, and request her to walk up stairs; your ladies wish to speak with her."

Down went Janet, and up came Mrs. Belton.

"We are about to leave you somewhat prematurely, Mrs. Belton," commenced Miss Walmsley.

"Dear me! I'm very sorry; I hope there is nothing to complain of, ladies," said Mrs. Belton: "the beds are soft enough, I trust; if not, I can put on another mattrass."

"The beds are excellent, we thank you," continued Miss Walmsley. "Perhaps the sun is too hot in this room, ladies: if your little maid would keep the *persiennes* closed, it would make the room fresh and cool as a daisy."

"We thank you, Mrs. Belton; Janet is careful to study our comfort. The flowers are rather full of perfume; if you please to accept them, they are at your service."

"I'm much obliged to you, madam; but, really, I'm so concerned to think of your going. The French servant, I hope she's given no dissatisfaction?"

"A very civil, well-behaved young woman," replied Miss Walmsley taking out her purse; "you will be good enough to give her a sovereign for me and my sister. And now, what settlement can we come to, Mrs. Belton? we have been a month in your house."

"And took the apartments for three. Of course, if you will go, ladies, I cannot say 'nay;' but the rule here, as elsewhere, is, to pay for the time agreed on."

"But you will let your apartments, Mrs. Belton," remonstrated Miss Bella; "this is the height of the season, and more desirable lodging could not be found."

"Very true, miss," replied the landlady: "but 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' excuse me. I'm a lone woman, and can't afford to run the risks. If there'd been any complaint—insects, or such nuisance as London lodgings suffer from—why, the case would be different"

"We will not dispute the matter, Mrs. Belton," interposed Miss Walmsley with dignity, drawing the slides of her crimson silk crochet purse; "you will be good enough to make out a receipt in full, and step up in half an hour. Your money for the two months unexpired shall be then paid to you."

"I'm under a thousand obligations to you, adies," curtseyed the landlady, "and exceeding sorry to lose you. It 's a pity, I 'm sure, and you so comfortable as you seemed to be. But business, perhaps letters take you to England; no trouble or family affliction, I hope?"

"We are much obliged by your concern," returned Miss Walmsley dryly; "when the receipt is ready, your money is ready also."

"Your servant, ladies."

Down went Mrs. Belton, rather red in the face and rather less mellifluous in her temper; up came some one, slowly and heavily: a knock was heard at the door.

"Walk in!" said Miss Bella.

The door was opened, and the ladies flew into each other's arms, Miss Walmsley ringing the bell spasmodically, Miss Bella screaming hysterically and crying,

"Go, go! get out, get out, do! are you not ashamed? Help! fire! thieves!"

"What 's the matter, ladies?" said THE FAT LITTLE MAN IN GRAY, doffing the low-crowned, broad-brimmed beaver, and standing burly and upright before them, his leaden-grey orbs riveted on the face of Miss Bella, his jet buttons glistening every one of them like an adder's eye, and his grey *bottlincs* creaking harshly as he made three slow steps towards them.

"Keep off! you wretch! you monster! you sinful, wicked, shocking"——

The fat little man in gray looked first at one then at another; rubbed his chin, laid down his hat, unbuttoned his coat, and drew forth a slip of paper.

"A letter!—a proposal!—a carte-blanche! the vile designing profligate!" thought Miss Walmsley, and she snatched the youthful Bella to her bosom, and pulled the bell fast and furious.

Up from the parlour rushed Mrs. Belton, down from the attic tumbled Janet, in from the *cuisine* sped Nathalie.

"What ever is it? the chimney on fire or the dog gone mad?" cried the landlady aghast.

"Be off! be off!" screamed Janet, as she saw the fat little man in gray; and she ran up to her mistresses, seized the hearth-brush, and stood on the defensive.

"*Mon Dieu! qu'est-ce qu'il y a donc?*" drolly inquired the handsome Fleming; "*Mesdames sont saisées, je crois.*"

"Mrs. Belton, how is this?" commenced Miss Walmsley, gathering courage and resuming her dignity; "by what authority has this person —this individual" —

"That man—that monster—that shocking, terrible creature, gained admittance to our presence?" demanded the gentle Bella.

"Man—monster—terrible creature!" slowly enunciated the fat little man in gray; and he drew himself up very stiffly, and looked more leaden and solemn and "reckless and profligate than ever," thought the two Miss Walmsleys."

"Who—what—which do the ladies mean?" cried Mrs. Belton, staring round in surprise.

"There is but one of the male sex in the apartment, Mrs. Belton; at least, I presume so," replied Miss Walmsley, with awful emphasis. "I allude to that person in gray, whose character must be known to you, and who has dared, I fear with your connivance, to obtrude himself into this apartment, for what purpose you can possibly explain."

"Person in gray—character—dared to obtrude himself—purpose," discordantly muttered the fat little man in gray. "I have a name as well as another, and can tell down as many gold guineas on this table as you may please to reckon, ladies." He put on his hat, slapped it over his eyes, drew a long whistling breath, and regarded Miss Bella "like an ogre," felt she, and she clung more tightly to her sister.

"I command you to leave the room, sir," exclaimed Miss Walmsley, drawing herself up; "your presence is an insult, an outrage."

"May be so, ma'am, but it 's the first time I ever heard it," replied the fat little man in gray. "I'm a countryman of your own, and sorry to find fault with English gentlewomen—single ones too, I'm told."

"Desist, sir!" cried Miss Bella, roused by this implication; "your conduct is known to us; it shocks morality—it scandalises the neighbourhood—it compels us to abandon the roof beneath which we had domiciled ourselves for the season."

"Lord-a-mercy, ladies! there must be some mistake here," exclaimed the landlady; "whatever can poor, dear, innocent Mr. Baggs have done to anger you?"

"A friend of yours, it would seem, Mrs. Belton," cried Miss Walmsley with severity.

"Why not a friend, exactly, ma'am, but a sort of neighbour, seeing he and I have lived in B —— these twenty years."

"Lived in B—— these twenty years?"

"*And served noospapers regular!*" added the fat little man in gray, thinking of No. 1 only; "Times, Chronicle, Morning Po,' and Herald, five francs a month, bringing and fetching punctual."

The ladies breathed more freely; a weight fell from their minds—a scale from their eyes: they began to suspect "a mistake indeed."

"You serve next door?" demanded Miss Walmsley, authoritatively.

"Right and left, ma'am: never no complaints. Hope for your custom. Brought my card:—'Simon Baggs, Rue de Havre, numero cent-quarante-deux: Times, Chronicle, Morning Po,' Herald, Examiner, and Dispatch; Paris Papers and Galignani,' brought and fetched—five francs a month, reg'lar."

"You serve next door,—there, at the bay-window," repeated Miss Walmsley, with searching expression, and still dreading an imposition.

"At General Stratton's,—to be sure, ma'am; served him ever since he's been here—Times and Chronicle—punctual."

"General Stratton, man," cried Miss Walmsley, with increased asperity. "This is a deception; there is no general at the house I mean," and she pointed direct to the bay-window, "a lady—a person—a female"——

"In India muslin, with a gold chain and sapphire ring," added Miss Bella.

"Very fine eyes, black hair, creole complexion, and the whitest teeth in the world," continued Miss Walmsley.

"A-watering her moss-roses in the mornings, and looking raythor boldlike," wound up Janet, impatient of silence.

"Hold your tongue, young woman!" growled the fat little man in gray, turning his leaden eyes on the girl; "you don't know what you're saying, or who you 're backbiting."

"Why, that's Mrs. Colonel Sinclair, General Stratton's daughter, a widow, the best of daughters, and sweetest of ladies!" cried Mrs. Belton;" she wears India muslin dresses in the morning, and loves flowers to distraction."

"Mrs. Colonel Sinclair—General Stratton's daughter!" repeated the two "Miss Walmsleys,"—"is it possible? and where is the General?—we have never seen him."

"Bed-ridden, poor gentleman!" answered the landlady; "laid up with paralysis; never likely, I fear, to recover the use of his limbs!"

"And his daughter, Mrs."——

"Colonel Sinclair. God bless you, Miss! she nurses him, reads to him, talks to him, sings to him, plays to him; and, when he's too peevish and fretful to bear her voice, sits by his bed-side in silence, working or drawing,—or weeping, if he's asleep, and can't see her."

"And she never goes out?"

"Never."

"And nobody visits them?"

"Only the doctor. The general can't bear company, and won't see any one: he's lost a large fortune, they say; and the death of his wife, an Indian princess, I hear, broke his heart, and spoiled his temper."

The sisters exchanged looks of surprise and pleasure, though pain was mingled with their emotions. Here were shown the folly, the ill-nature, the uncharitableness of evil conclusions.

To make atonement was all "the Miss Walmsleys" now coveted.

"Mr. Simon Baggs, you may bring the Morning Post regularly,"

"And the Herald," added Miss Bella.

"Thank you, ladies, said the fat little man in grey, again doffing the low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat. "Every morning, when I leave the Times and Chronicle at the General's.

"Mrs. Belton, our plans are altered; my sister and I will remain for the two months."

"I'm glad of it, ladies: I don't like to part with lodgers hastily; and I'm quite sure you'll find nothing pleasanter, better, cleaner, or more respectable in B——than my apartments."

The landlady withdrew well-pleased, and "the Miss Walmsleys," after consulting together, left their cards for General Stratton and Mrs. Col. Sinclair, on the strength of a glimmering notion induced by the name, that their uncle, Malcolm Monro, had many years back mentioned a Major or General Stratton in his letters from Agra.

Mrs. Colonel Sinclair returned the visit; explanations ensued; the glimmering notion brightened into a broad flame. Malcolm Monro, dead and gone, had been an old friend of the general; and the transparent brow of the beautiful Anglo-Indian crimsoned with joy as she was received into the cordial embrace of her beloved godfather's nieces.

"O Bella, dear! what injustice! what wickedness we were guilty of!" cried Miss Walmsley, after an interview, the prelude to many, with General Stratton, a thin, bilious, wasted, irritable old man; yet, in his moments of ease, the polished high-bred chivalrous gentleman.

"Never again, Letty, will I think evil of a woman because she is young, lovely, *and alone.*"

"Or of an honest man because he calls twice a day"——

"For the Times and Chronicle!" cried Miss Bella, in the solemn tones of THE FAT LITTLE MAN IN GRAY.

LORD LYNDHURST.

From "*Orators of the Age*" by G. H. Francis, just republished from the London edition by the Harpers.

The influence of Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords is almost coextensive with that of the Duke of Wellington. Popular institutions favour the only legitimate despotism—that of mind; and these two Conservative statesmen remarkably illustrate this inevitable tendency of the weaker intellect to yield voluntary respect, if not entire submission, to the stronger. Perhaps it would not be going too far to say, that in the condition of the House of Lords for some years past, if the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst resolved upon carrying any particular measure, they had the power to do so. That their proceedings are usually characterized by unfailing good sense and judgment, supplies a sufficient reason why they should wield this influence; and renders it un-

necessary to inquire whether they would be able to exercise it in the same degree if they proposed measures which the general common sense of the House would repudiate. Of the fact, however, that those two statesmen are now the ruling spirits in the House of Peers, there can be little doubt.

The sources of their influence are different. The duke's power over his obsequious fellow-peers is derived from his great moral weight, his historical reputation, his proved sagacity, and the steadfastness with which he is known to uphold all that can contribute to the consolidation of the national strength. It is a personal influence. Men follow his lead because it is he who leads, not because they have decided in their own minds to go the same road. Lord Lyndhurst's influence, on the other hand, is intellectual—founded upon the evident strength of his mind, his transcendent abilities in debate, and the towering proportions of his general character. His contemporaries yield him the precedence, because they feel assured that he has brought to bear upon any question before him all the resources of a perfectly organized intellect—that learning, acuteness, experience, and judgment, have done their utmost. The duke, they think, must be right, because a sort of moral instinct directs him to the true policy. Lord Lyndhurst commands their support because they feel that he has investigated all the bearings and exhausted all the modes of which a subject is capable, and that he will take the right course by the pure preference of reason and judgment.

Nor when one looks at the man is it at all wonderful that this homage should be paid to his intellect. If an involuntary respect is prompted by the mere contemplation of his fine countenance; by listening to his deep, manly, sonorous voice; by his evident self-possession and unconscious exhibition of latent strength; if nature has so stamped his outer man with the physical attributes of superiority, it is the less surprising that those who have so often witnessed the effects of his power on others, or felt it on themselves, should be prepared to yield from settled conviction what others less informed tender from immediate impulse. Lord Lyndhurst is a master. There is the sure stamp of superiority on all he says or does. You feel in the presence of a spirit to which art, education, and the powerful workings of an active intellect, have super-added all that the knowledge of man can give. There is mastery in his reasoning, mastery in his declamation, mastery in his judgment, mastery in his humour. To know him is to rely on his power. Like the giants of the heathen mythology, he presents you in his sphere with an ideal of strength. He seems to pursue his aim with such steady momentum of will acting on power, that failure appears impossible. Thus success breeds success, achievement daunts opposition, the imagination magnifies strength and deprecates resistance. This has been the history of his career in the House of Peers. One man only, Lord Brougham, ever competed with him with forces at all equal in power, and even they were inadequate because not so well regulated.

But that joust-like combat between the two noble and learned lords, the public opponents and sworn private friends, is over; and now Lord Lyndhurst has no antagonist. It is not, perhaps, that no one could, or no one dare; but continued success and repeated displays of power have gained for him such a reputation and such respect, that no peer chooses to match strength with him. Apparently he knows this, and walks over his course with careless ease, as the strong man passes along heedless of danger, because not fearing it. But his consciousness of strength is in no respect shown in arrogance. It is not allied to vanity. It is latent, not ostentatiously displayed. It is questionable whether Lord Lyndhurst would care for praise, if it cost him much effort. He is self-relying by a law of his nature. His mind works for itself, and by itself. Nor does temporary suspension of activity lessen its powers. This is one consequence of its native superiority and admirable regulation. His iron takes no rust from not being often worked. He will remain silent for weeks together, or merely play with his parliamentary functions; yet suddenly he arouses himself, and shows that his powers are as full and as vigorous as when he was engaged in nightly contest. He is always armed, though seldom in action.

Enter the House of Lords, and among the first, if not the first who arrests your attention, is Lord Lyndhurst. As your eye wanders round the house, it is suddenly stopped by an aspect that can not belong to an ordinary man. It stands out in bold relief, like the picture of a master on a well hung wall. In the centre of a cluster of faces, some of the features familiar, as those of Lord Brougham, Lord Ellenborough, or Lord Denman, the fine massive head and commanding features of Lord Lyndhurst arrest your attention, and fill your mind at once. When he sat as chancellor and they were set in the heavy framework—the avalanche of powdered curls—which custom requires our judges to wear in court, and the lord chancellor only in the House, their bright intelligence and serene intellectuality fascinated your gaze like a focus of concentrated light. The outline is grand, and the features and proportions of the countenance are at once so massive and so regular, that not even the furrows of many a long year of mental toil, nor the settled lines of habitual thought, ever strong and vivid in expression, have effaced what in youth must have presented a noble specimen of manly beauty. The forehead high and open, the brow wide, the eyebrows broad and strongly marked, the eye keen, quick, pregnant with intellect, the lion-like mouth, firm-set chin: these present a countenance at once so handsome and so masculine, so full of power, yet so exquisitely harmonized, so grandly serene in repose, yet so quick and vivacious in activity, that you are content to dwell upon it as on some fine piece of sculpture or architecture; and to ask at once, unprompted by preconceived reverence, What are the qualities of the mind of which that face is so magnificent an index? If you are an enthusiast, if you are prone to worship the divine image in the features of man, you will say that such a countenance might be chosen by a sculptor for his ideal of Wisdom. Thought sits on it serene, as on a throne; it is, indeed, a temple whence Intellect may utter her oracles—oracles, alas! too often perverted and distorted by the passions of humanity.

If by good fortune your visit to the House should have happened on a night when this remarkable man has resolved to speak, the physical attributes of his oratory still more enchain your attention while confirming your preconceived opinion of his mental supremacy. Nature seems to have organized him for his destiny as a public orator—as one of those singled out to convey the magical influence of intelligence and sympathy from heart to heart and mind to mind. Had he been born in more stirring and dangerous times, when lives and empires, not ministers and measures, were at stake, he must have stood forward as one of the world's intellectual heroes. As it is, contemplating him amid the lurid atmosphere of party, and under the disadvantages of that too close proximity which breeds contempt, he realizes much, if not all we expect from an orator. His voice is full of organ-like music, deep and sonorous, and capable of sufficient modulation for one who rarely appeals either to the passions or the feelings, the stronger or the gentler sympathies of his hearers, but rather to their intellect, their judgment, their sense of the humorous. His bearing is dignified in the extreme: it exhibits the boldness of the Tribune, tempered by the calmness of the Senator. Self-possessed, cool, impressive, he elevates his audience to the level of his own mind, and sustains them there: he never descends from his elevation, as other orators do, to obtain applause by echoing current prejudices or party passions. When he uses those passions and prejudices, he compels them by superior power to his own purposes, and does not become the slave of his own agents. Like the rest of our public men, he is a very different man, as an orator, when in power from what he was when in opposition. Then, he could condescend to be the partisan, and a powerful one he was; but still you could see it was a condescension—a tribute to the necessities of political strife, not an assault made in hot blood and pursued for the pleasure and excitement of the combat. Lord Lyndhurst, rising in his remote corner on the extreme left of the opposition bench and delivering one of those teasing, terrific attacks on the whig government which formed the staple of his annual review of the session, was a very different man from Lord Lyndhurst the Chancellor, the moderator of the debates, the triumphant warrior indulging in indolent repose, or the statesman delivering the pure dictates of his judgment for the general good of the whole country, instead of the temporary battle-cries of a party. At all times, however, his oratory has displayed a rare union of power and good taste. He is very self-denying for so powerful a speaker. Great as his triumphs have been as an orator, he always left one under the impression that he could effect much more if he chose.

But the essential power of this great man does not always exhibit itself in the same serious way. If he is giant-like in his strength, he is so also in a tendency to the most playful humour. Strong minds are prone thus to relax the severe tension of their faculties; and Lord Lyndhurst does so to an extent which those who only regard him as the senator or the judge would hardly conceive possible. And here, by the way, it may be observed that an error has gone abroad, favoured by party animosities, to the effect that Lord Lyndhurst is an ill-natured or bad-tempered man. There could not be a greater mistake; yet it is a very natural one, for the vanquished are always prone to attribute some malign power to the conqueror. That Lord Lyndhurst has, from time, to time made his opponents feel the lash of his ridicule can not be denied; nay, it is something for his admirers to be proud of. But all sarcasm is not necessarily malignant, nor calculated to inflict personal wounds. The most careful search through Lord Lyndhurst's speeches would fail to discover a single instance in which the noble lord has indulged in ill-natured or unfair allusions to his opponents. But, on the other hand, there are multitudes of instances—and our sides ache again at the remembrance of them—where, with good-natured irony and allowable keenness, he has exposed their inconsistencies or their weaknesses. In fact, Lord Lyndhurst's character is too dignified for ill-nature. His sarcasms may be biting, but they are never withering. This constitutes the great difference between his irony and that of Lord Brougham.

To return, however, to Lord Lyndhurst's habit of relaxing in playful humour from the over-tension of application. We only allude to what has occurred in public when he sat as chancellor. We merely look at him as he appeared in the House of Lords, where, at the intervals of important business, his stirring jest and hearty laugh were infectious among the peers who crowded round the woolsack to join in the little private gossiping that often goes on there. These things occurred in the noble lord's sportive moods, when he seems like a lion at play. Perhaps the rigid may observe, that these jokes and gambols (for really, they sometimes almost partook of that character) were unworthy the great dignity of the judgment seat, or the constitutional importance of the senate. To say the truth they were sometimes carried quite far enough; but it should be remembered that these things never occurred when there was any really important business coming on; and that during a great portion of the time of the ordinary sittings, when mere formal business is disposed of, the House is more like a very large drawing-room, where a dozen or so of gentlemen are taking their ease, than the hereditary chamber of legislature of a great empire.

If power be a striking characteristic of Lord Lyndhurst, judgment is not less so. He knows exactly what he ought to do, and what to leave undone,— how far to advance, and when to recede. In this quality he even excels the Duke of Wellington; for he never makes declarations under the influence of temporary excitement which he afterwards sees reason to regret, or to recall. His so-called "alien" speech is no proof to the contrary; for it has been satisfactorily shown that he was on that occasion misunderstood. It is the quality of judgment—at once the most rare and most valuable in human affairs—that, together with his intellectual preeminence, give him his weight and influence in the House of Peers. It regulates his words and his deeds.

Good taste, or the same judgment applied in another sphere, characterizes his speeches. There is a massive simplicity about them highly characteristic of the man. The ideas are plain, forcible, clear to the simplest comprehension; the language terse, simple, vigorous, and epigrammatic. When epigrammatic, it is not less natural, as the particular form of expression is evidently not studied, but is shaped spontaneously to the mould of his mind. It is almost superfluous to add, that his reasoning is vigorous and unassailable; his perception acute; his comprehension large and capacious. He never travels far wide from his subject, either in thought or language. He has a task to perform, and no temptation to display will turn him aside from his path. His eloquence does not run wild in tangled luxuriance, like Lord Brougham's. Nor does he "get up" speeches, like Mr. Macaulay or Mr. Sheil. There are very few prepared rhetorical passages, but all is simple, nervous exposition. Every word does its work, and no more work is undertaken than the subject requires, or that can be well performed with justice to it. For this reason, his isolated speeches will not excite so much admiration as those of some of his contemporaries. Then are few of those striking passages which bear quotation for their independent beauty. His eloquence must be considered in connection with his whole political career; it is an integral part of his character, not an attribute adopted for display or distinction.

As a statesman, Lord Lyndhurst must share with most of his cotemporaries the blame of inconsistency. Where there is much equality of offence, censure ceases to be effectual. Lord Lyndhurst, like his brethren in the ministry, was a conscientious anti-emancipationist in August, 1828; he was a stanch supporter of the Emancipation Act in April, 1829. He took up both sides with equal facility. Again, he was one of the most powerful and effective agents of the Conservative party in undermining and overthrowing the Whig government; he then became one of the foremost of those who were acting as a government on Whig policy. But these grounds of criticism are beside our present purpose. We desire rather to estimate his capabilities as a minister, and these are transcendent. Admitting the principle of expediency, a more able man to carry it out, is not to be found in the country. In a practical age, he is eminently a practical man. He does not allow even the most cherished opinions to interfere with what he conceives to be inevitable necessity. He meets political difficulties face to face, and grapples with them, or accommodates himself to them, as the case may be. His facility as a legislator and a statesman is only equalled by his extensive knowledge of the laws, the constitution, and the necessities of the country, and his matured experience. His influence on the minds of his countrymen, through the sway he exercises over the judgment of the peers, is enormous. He has realized more than any lord chancellor, within the memory of the present generation, those large and undefined privileges and powers which at the opening of these remarks we have assigned as part of the unrecognised functions of the office he holds. He also excels his immediate predecessors in the degree of confidence he inspires in the House of Lords. Such influence, such power, without direct responsibility, would be dangerous, if entrusted to a man of ordinary mind, with ambition, and passion, and deep-rooted prejudices. But it becomes innocuous in proportion to the intellectual and (politically speaking) moral worth of the holder of it. It is the offspring of personal respect, and, therefore, can scarcely be accorded to an unworthy or undeserving object. Its origin is a guaranty for its harmlessness. If it were not deserved, it would not be conceded. This deference and confidence follow as an almost necessary consequence in the case of such a man as Lord Lyndhurst.

THE POOR RELATIONS OF KINGS.

One morning during the last severe winter in Paris, a bier, on which was laid a wretched coffin, emerged from one of the poorest streets of the faubourg St. Marceau, followed by two assistants, and a female, whose sole protection against the heavy snow that fell was a woollen shawl, partially concealing features once beautiful, though now changed by suffering and privation, yet still beaming with resignation.

The young man whose remains were thus borne to the common cemetery was one whose forefathers slept in the vaults of St. Denis, and who, by birth, was entitled to wear the arms of the Bourbon family. In speaking of Henry II, or any other of the kings of France, there was no fiction in this unfortunate being, while living, calling them, "my ancestors." According to the etiquette of courts, he had a right to be called by the king "my cousin;" and equally so, by the right of consanguinity, by the Bourbons of Spain, and the imperial House of Austria.

Charles de Valois de St. Remy was, however, but a poor journeyman bookbinder, employed by one of the many of that trade who struggle for an existence in the neighbourhood of the College of France. Even with the assistance of his aunt, Marguerite de Valois, he scarcely earned enough to subsist on. Like many others, when placed in situations little in accordance with their birth, Charles de Valois had acquired notions respecting the greatness of his ancestors which unfitted him for steadily pursuing his avocations. Devoid of that energy which is the basis of all self-advancement, he would remain for hours pondering on his ignoble fate. "One path lies open to me!" he would sometimes exclaim; "I shall become a soldier, and face the enemies of France!" In these reveries he was no longer the humble artisan, but in imagination one of the noble of his race, regaining all the territory his ancestors had lost. To put these dreams into execution, however, one thing was wanting—Charles de Valois had not the heart of a Bothwell.

Henry II., of whom he was a lineal descendant, had a son, to whom he bequeathed large territories—the most considerable being that of St. Remy; but his descendants gradually decreased in power and wealth, and at length they sunk into such obscurity, that their existence was almost doubted. A ray of sunshine would at times gleam on some member of their family, but, as if a fatality hung over their race, it was succeeded by darker shadows.

During the reign of Louis XV., the Marchioness Boulanvilliers, wife of the Prevot of Merchants, one day passing between Rheims and Fontette, remarked a little girl by the road-side tending a cow, and, pleased with the pretty countenance and figure of the child, called her to the door of the carriage, and offered her a piece of money. The young Jeanne de Valois spurned the proffered coin with the pride of a Spanish hidalgo; and erecting her little person, she recounted to the marchioness her full genealogy—the only thing, besides her paternoster, she had ever learned. On being questioned, she gave sufficient proof of the truth of what she stated; and her listener, estimating nothing more than high birth, though she herself was but the daughter of a revenue officer, made the little cowherd get into the carriage, which rolled off to Paris.

After having had her educated by the first masters, her protectress introduced her to the fashionable world, and even at court, where she was looked on as a sort of curiosity. She was pensioned by the king, and afterwards married the Count de la Motte. The queen, Marie Antoinette, took her into favour, and employed her near her person; but she repaid the royal kindness by the deepest ingratitude. By forging her majesty's signature she procured large sums of money; and by the same means prevailed on Cardinal Rohan (who was at the time in disgrace at court, and glad of the opportunity of regaining favour) to purchase a necklace, as if for the queen, worth nearly two million francs, for the payment of which the countess alleged that her majesty would give a note in her own handwriting, to be defrayed from the private purse. The necklace was given into the hands of the countess, who immediatoly sent her husband to London with it. But the period for payment being allowed to pass, the jeweller made his complaint to the queen: Cardinal Rohan, and many others arrested on suspicion, were thrown into the Bastile, but were ultimately released on the real culprit being discovered. The countess was publicly whipped, and branded on the shoulders; a sentence of imprisonment for life was recorded against her; but after ten months' confinement, she effected her escape, and died in London in 1791.

Residing at Troyes, in Champagne, was an uncle of Jeanne de Valois, and looked on as the head of her branch of the family. In a thoroughfare of that town might be heard, from morning until night, the noise of his hammer, accompanied by merry songs, issuing from a frail wooden edifice, erected against the walls of the bishop's garden, and under the shadow of the cathedral clock. Though aware of his genealogy, learned from his father, who died in the Hotel Dieu at Paris in 1759, it had inspired him neither with pride nor regret—looking on human grandeur, as he did, with the most philosophic indifference. Having never bestowed a thought on claiming the rights of his birth, he worked, slept, and sang, and appeared so really contented and happy, that one would have been inclined to believe, according to the old adage, "that the king was not his cousin." The gaiety was not without merit, if it is recollected that Henry de Valois, issuing from the reigning family of France, was a cobbler.

In 1778, while the countess was in favour at court, a detachment of the guards, after accompanying the queen to Chateau Vilain, received directions to return through Troyes, and pay their respects to the illustrious artisan, who had been already spoken of at Versailles as one of the remaining representatives of the branch of Francis I., along with the little cowherd of Fontette. As the guards approached the shed, over which a board was fixed, with a boot painted in black, and the words, "*Henri, reparateur de la chaussure humaine!*" ("Henry, shoe-mender to the human race!") they heard a manly voice singing a provincial ditty, while a hammer beat time to the measure. The soldiers, dressed in splendid uniform, advanced respectfully, their hats off, preceded by their lieutenant, the Marquis de Nantouillet. The cobbler, little accustomed to such visitors, regarded them with surprise; but his looks being mechanically directed to the officer's feet, and perceiving his splendid boots, laced with brilliants, he remarked—"You are in error, monsieur; I mend only shoes. Ask for Christophe, the first street on the right."

The marquis, with many forced compliments, having explained the cause of his presence, the cobbler, lifting his cotton cap from his head, cleared a cumbrous bench of three or four pair of old boots, and made a sign to the officer to be seated: the other soldiers not being able to find room, had the felicity of contemplating his august visage through some tattered sheets of paper, substituted in the window for glass.

"The king has learned, monsieur," said the marquis, as he accepted the seat, "that you are in a position little beseeming your illustrious origin, and his wish is to change this state of things. Your niece is already a convincing proof of the royal solicitude."

"And I have many doubts," replied the old cobbler, "whether this royal solicitude will much benefit the girl. As for me, monsieur, I am aware that if Henry II. had wished, he could have converted this bench that I sit on into a throne, this hammer into a sceptre, and that instead of this cotton cap, I might wear a brilliant head-gear of gold and diamonds, though much more weighty."

The marquis was somewhat startled at this liberty of language, but concealing his astonishment under a courtly smile, the cobbler continued—"Eh, well, monsieur, I have no regret at seeing our cousin of Bourbon arrive at the crown of France. Think you that I envy Louis XV.? Not I. I am my own master; no person has an interest in deceiving me; all the world are contented with me, and I with them. Can the king say so much? This reminds me that my work presses—will you permit me?" And the old man, who seemed to take delight in treating without ceremony the king of France and his envoy, busily resumed his employment.

"You had better reflect," remarked the officer.

"I have no need of reflection; I require nothing."

"But you have children, monsieur; accept for them what you refuse for yourself, and allow your sons to fill that rank to which they are entitled."

The old man scratched his ear, as if undecided how to act; at length, pulling his cap over his grey locks, he replied, "It is my frank opinion, monsieur that the boys will not reflect very much honour on the family; but that is their affair; so, in their name, I shall accept the king's generosity. The old proverb says that 'it is needless to upset good sauce with the foot.' But perhaps you could not guess what are my thoughts?" continued Henry de Valois in a tone of raillery. "I think the king is about doing what I do daily—to patch an old boot, which never lasts long!"

"Very good! very good!" exclaimed the courtier, laughing boisterously. "Permit me, however, to finish the simile," added he: "I am sure the king's work will be solid. I shall now retire, and inform his majesty of your intentions."

The visitors had scarcely disappeared, when the old man resumed his song, a proof that the perspective of grandeur did not much trouble the mind of the cobbler, who has been so well described in the songs of Beranger.

A short time afterwards, heedless of the sarcasms and repartees which it occasioned, the king pensioned Henry de Valois from the privy purse, and made him a count. His sons entered the service. One of them was created Baron St Remy, and became captain of a corvette; but, as had been predicted by the old cobbler, none of them added much to the honour of the family. The affair of the necklace threw a similar *eclat* upon the name of Valois, and their relationship to the Countess de la Motte hastened their downfall. Abject misery succeeded the perpetuation of the crime. The Revolution arrived, and the descendants of Henry II. sank into greater obscurity than that from which they had been taken a few years previously.

The St. Remy de Valois had their origin in a royal castle. The splendour of a throne was reflected on their cradle. In three centuries afterwards what is their fate? The last male of their line, struggling with poverty during his lifetime, has his ashes finally consigned to the common city burying place—unknown and forgotten. She who followed his remains was the great-granddaughter of the old cobbler, and the only known survivor of her race.

Our advancement in life depends mainly on our own exertions and energy. Whatever assistance we may derive from others, if without corresponding exertions of our own, is too limited to be of permanent advantage; and the prospects of those on whom kings lavish their favours, like the sun preceding a storm, are never more uncertain than when they appear most dazzling.

Amongst many who stand pre-eminent for self-advancement, may be mentioned Amyot, Vincent de Paul, and Sextus V. The one, picked up dying on the public road, became archbishop of Sens, and preceptor to the king of France; the other, the son of poor parents, uncertain from day to day of the bread they ate, shows a career of virtue and good actions, and was enabled in his old age to retire in affluence; the third, from being a swineherd, became pope. Colbert, Chevert, Catinat, all owed to themselves the dignities to which they were raised.

Our elevation is but the result and recompense of persevering industry, and a steady adherence to the path of rectitude and justice. We are all more or less the creatures of circumstances; and fortunes made by honourable pursuits are ever the most durable.

THE CAMARILLA—THE MARCHIONESS DE SANTA CRUZ.

[The frequent use made of the word *Camarilla* in the news from Spain and Portugal may render the following explanation of its meaning very acceptable to those readers who are more familiar with the term than its signification.]

"It is difficult for one who has never lived in Spain or Portugal to have an idea of the extent and ramifications of the influence expressed by the simple word *Camarilla*. As the word *Camera* signified, in the palmy days of the monarchy, the chamber of the King of Spain—the word Camarilla signified his little chamber—his cabinet—the place in which he received his most intimate friends—his fawning dependents—his flatterers—those who most frequently guided and governed his mind, more completely and without any of the responsibility of the Ministers ostensibly charged with the management of public affairs. The word Camarilla in Spain has therefore always been used to designate that irresponsible back-stairs Privy Council—above and beyond the constitution and the laws—composed for

the most part of the favourites and the flatterers, sometimes of the companions of the vices and debaucheries of the monarch, and sometimes of persons of the humblest and lowliest station—raised by the Royal caprice of the hour into influential, if not important personages.

"All this congregation of crawling things—of 'meanness that soared and pride that licked the dust,' was called, even so late as the reign of Ferdinand VII., by no other name than that of *criados*, or servants. The turnspit and the cook—the *officier de bouche*, who prepared—the chamberlain, who served—and the master of the horse and hounds, however high in rank or noble in lineage—as well as the *camerero mayor*—all, all were called servants. But between the servants and the loved and chosen and cherished of the Sovereign, there had always been an intermediate link, composed of what is called the Camarilla.

"Almost in our own time Charles IV. was ridden by an ignoble Camarilla, composed of his wife and her favourite Manuel Godoy, called by the complaisant husband by the endearing diminutive Manuelito, and his son, Ferdinand VII., followed the traditionary policy of the stock by having his Camarilla composed of renegades, lackeys, and priests. So that in Spanish Sovereigns there has always been consistency in this respect. Hardly had the daughter of Ferdinand, the now reigning and *governing* Isabella, reached her teens, ere the Queen-Regent surrounded her with a Camarilla, of which the guiding and ruling spirit was her Camerera Mayor, the Marchioness of Santa Cruz. 'What is a Camerera Mayor?' our readers will ask. In Spain, the first officer of the Palace—Lord High Steward, or Mistress of the Robes, as the case may be—is called a Camerera or Camerera Mayor. In the case of a Queen, the Camerera is a species of superintendent of the Royal household, who names to all subordinate offices filled by women, and who orders and directs the whole routine of the service. The Camerera accompanies the Queen in all her public visitations—a particular place is assigned to her in the Royal carriage, and on occasions of public ceremonials, she sits near the person, and almost on a line with the Queen—on two cushions, placed in a particular manner, according to that great authority in Spanish etiquette the late Minister and ex-Ambassador, Marquis of Miraflores. Sometimes, when the Sovereign is of immature age, the Camerera exercises the functions of governess: and previous to the period when Olozaga was tutor of her Catholic Majesty, we have heard it stated, and believe, that the Marchioness of Santa Cruz was governess as well as Camerera to the young Queen.

"Of ladies of any country we desire to say nothing harsh; but when a marqueza of mature age puts herself forward, or allows herself to be put forward, in a public station, she must pay the inconvenient yet reasonable penalty of publicity. Having premised thus much, we have no hesitation in saying that no inconsiderable part of the troubles and complications of Spain are due and owing to this same Marchioness of Santa Cruz. Active, intriguing, ambitious, and a decided partisan, she was originally nominated by the Queen Mother to the office from which she has just been properly dismissed. Instead of fulfilling her duties conscientiously, as the Duchess of Northumberland or Lady Lyttelton, she became the centre of a vicious system of domination, of tattle, and of espionage. A power was created behind the throne greater than the throne itself—and to the intrigues of this woman it is chiefly, if not solely, owing that Olozaga was exiled from Spain. Her protector and confidante, the Queen Mother, being now removed, the spell of her influence is broken, and the Queen, who has long groaned under and been weary of her wicked influence, has taken the first opportunity of shaking it off."

Miscellaneous.

A MATCH OF AFFECTION.

Well, my daughter is married, the popular prints
  Are full of her blushes, her blonde, and her beauty,
And my intimate friends drop me delicate hints,
  That my poor timid girl is a victim to duty:
They talk about interest, mammon, and pride,
  And the evils attending a worldly connexion;
How little they know the warm heart of the bride!
  She always was bent on a match of affection.

Dear girl, when implored her fond lover to hear,
  At the mention of settlements how was she troubled!
Sir Nicholas offered two thousand a-year,
  But she would not say yes, till the income was doubled:
Still she clung to her home, still her eyelids were wet,
  But the sight of the diamonds removed her dejection;
They were brilliant in lustre, and stylishly set,
  And she sighed her consent to a match of affection.

I really want language the goods to set forth,
  That my love-stricken Emma has gained by her marriage:
A mansion in London, a seat in the north,
  A service of plate, and a separate carriage.
On her visiting list countless fashionists stand:
  Her wardrobe may challenge Parisian inspection;
A box at the opera waits her command—
  What comforts abound in a match of affection!

Some thought Captain Courtley had won her young heart:
  He certainly haunted our parties last season:
Encouragement, also, she seemed to impart,
  But sober and quiet esteem was the reason.
When wooed to become a rich baronet's wife,
  The captain received a decided rejection,
"She should hope as a friend to retain him through life,
  But she just had agreed to a match of affection."

Some say that Sir Nicholas owns to threescore,
  That he only exists amidst quarrels and clamour;
That he lets his five sisters live friendless and poor,
  That he never hears reason, and never speaks grammar;
But wild are the freaks of the little blind god,
  His arrows oft fly in a slanting direction;
And dear Emma though many her taste may deem odd,
  Would have died had we thwarted her match of affection.

—Mrs. Abdy.

A case which excited considerable interest came on Friday week before the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. The plaintiff was a M. Solon, an avocat, and the defendant no less a personage than Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. It appeared from the pleadings that the Viceroy being desirous of establishing a school at Cairo, for the education of young Egyptians destined to become *employés* of the government in different branches of the administration, and M. Solon having been strongly recommended to him as a fit person to be placed at the head of this school, the Viceroy induced him to leave France for Egypt, on an agreement for six years, at a salary of 15,000f. a year, with a house free of rent, and other advantages. M. Solon opened his school, but differences arose between him and the Viceroy, which resulted in the abrupt termination of his relations with the government, and his departure for France in 1845. According to the statement of M. Solon, who pleaded his own cause, the dispute between him and the Pacha arose out of impediments placed in his way by the ministers of the Pacha, and the refusal to provide for the pupils whom he had instructed in the art of government, and at length he was ordered to quit his residence, and for not complying with this arbitrary mandate was ordered to quit the country. On the other hand, M. Odilon Barrot, who appeared as counsel for Mehemet Ali, declared that M. Solon had been himself the cause of his dismissal. The sheriff of Mecca being expected at Cairo, and the vast building occupied by M. Solon being wanted for the residence of this high personage, M. Solon was requested to give it up, and to remove to the palace partly occupied by the Minister for Foreign Affairs. M. Solon having refused to comply with this request, the Viceroy insisted, and, on his still persisting in his refusal, informed him that unless he gave it up he would have to consider his relations with the government at an end. M. Solon chose the latter alternative, and therefore took his departure for France, having first made a claim upon the Viceroy of 100,000f. for the salary for the whole period of his agreement, and the expense of his voyage home, &c. This demand not being complied with, M. Solon on his arrival at Marseilles, laid an attachment upon some merchandise in that port belonging to the Viceroy, and obtained a legal sanction to this step by application to the tribunal, there being at the time no defence. The Viceroy, however, now appeared by counsel to oppose the judgment, and pleaded the incompetency of the French tribunals to enforce payment against a foreign prince upon an agreement, which could only be entertained by the tribunals of the country in which it had its source. M. Solon, in reply to this defence, contended that the Viceroy of Egypt was not to be regarded as a Sovereign and independent Prince, but as a private individual, being only the vassal of the Sultan, and cited several cases in support of this view of the case; but the tribunal declared the opposition good on the ground of its incompetency to entertain the suit, and condemned M. Solon to pay the costs.—*Galignani.*

Smelting by Electricity.—The lately patented process of smelting copper by means of electricity, says the *Morning Herald*, is likely to effect a change that will be quite prodigious. It produces in less than two days what the old process required three weeks to effect. And the saving of fuel is so vast, that in Swansea alone the smelters estimate their annual saving in coals at no less than five hundred thousand pounds. Hence it is clear that the price of copper must be so enormously reduced as to bring it into use for a variety of purposes from which its cost at present excludes it. The facility and cheapness of the process, too, will enable the ore to be largely smelted on the spot. The Cornish mine proprietors are anxiously expecting the moment when they can bring the ore which lay in the mine yesterday into a state to be sent to market tomorrow; and this at the very mouth of the mine. In Australia, also, the operation of this discovery will be of the utmost importance. Ten thousand tons of copper ore were sent from Australia to England last year, to be smelted at Swansea; and the result was only 1,600 tons of copper. But Australia in future will smelt her own copper, by a thirty-six hours' process; saving all this useless freight of the 8,400 tons of refuse—and saving also the cost of the old and expensive process. In a very few years, Australia will send to market more copper than is now produced by all the rest of the world. But if our future penny-pieces are to bear any proportion to the reduced cost and value of the metal, they must be made of the size of dinner-plates.

Warner's Long Range.—The government commissioners appointed to witness the experiments have delivered their report, from which it would apper that the "long range" of Captain Warner is effected by means of air *balloons*, from which shells, or other destructive missiles, are dropped. The experiments at Carnock Chase, the property of Lord Anglesey, in Staffordshire, were a failure. The tree selected for destruction was unstruck, and the balloon alighted at a great distance from it to the great alarm of the peasantry, with powder and nine shot attached to it. It was handed over by the terrified finder to the police. Lord Anglesey's head gamekeeper found 18 shots, five within 160 yards of where the balloon fell, eight at about three miles from Haywood-park, and five one mile from whence the balloon started. The penetration was from one to four feet, in hard gravelly soil.

The Chinese Junk "Keying."—This vessel, commanded by Shing-Shing, now on her passage from Hong-Kong to this country, is daily expected to arrive at her Majesty's Dockyard, Woolwich. She is the bearer of most valuable presents from the Emperor to her Majesty and Prince Albert. This will be the first Chinese vessel ever brought to England. She is solely manned by Chinese sailors. It is understood that a troop of celebrated jugglers are on board, and have been engaged to perform in this country.

The Duke of Wellington at Church.—All the world knows the Duke of Wellington is a business-man. The *Court Circular* also takes care to tell all who choose to read it, that his Grace uniformly attends the early service every Sunday in the Chapel Royal. It was cold and bleak the other Sunday morning. The Duke, a few minutes before eight o'clock, was in his pew. The officiating clergyman saw no clerk present; he looked about, hemmed, and waited a minute or so, and then commenced the service; still no clerk made his appearance. Who was to make the sacred responses! Certainly not the clerk. The Duke of Wellington, with characteristic promptitude, took the prayer-book in his hand and officiated for the clerk, reading all the responses as if he were the usual functionary. The audience consisted only of four persons.—*Morning Chronicle.*

Mr. Newman.—We hear, on good authority, that Mr. Newman has been entrusted by his Holiness the Pope, with the responsible task of revising the English translation of the Vulgate. A translation of the Holy Scriptures, as faithful to the original as the existing version, and free from its occasional harshness and obscurity, has long been felt as a great desideratum. The work will probably appear in detached portions, and occupy some years in its progress. Mr. Newman, we understand, is likely to return to England in the course of a few months.—*Tablet*, Roman Catholic Paper.

Singular Occurrence.—A gentleman, well-known, residing at Welling, in Kent, has rendered canary birds so familiarised to the garden that a couple built themselves a nest in a bush, and the hen began to sit upon four eggs on the 13th ult., and, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, three young birds were hatched on the 27th. What renders the circumstance the more surprising is, that the cock bird disappeared on the night of the 14th ult., either killed by the cold (the thermometer having been that night as low as 24), or more probably caught by a cat. This is believed to be the only similar instance upon record in England.

A Monumental Statue of Sir T. F. Buxton, in Westminster Abbey, is said to be assigned to Mr. Thrupp to sculpture; and the subscription to be swelling to the proper height, aided by multitudinous negro donations from Africa and the West Indies.

There is now a flower in the green house of Mr. Alderman Copeland, at Leyton, a plant of *Dendrobium speciosum*, bearing 25 spikes, with from 45 to 60 flowers on each spike. The length of the spike is from 14 to 15 inches; the plant measures four feet across; it is 18 years old, and this is the third time of flowering.

The Suttee has been abolished in the Nizam's dominions: being the second instance of this progressive improvement in a native Indian state. Let us hope the example will soon be generally followed, and the cruel rite cease to exist.

Scottish Fine Arts.—The premium of a hundred guineas given by the Association for promoting the Fine Arts in Scotland, has been awarded to Mr. Selous, for a series illustrative of seven events in the life of the heroic Robert Bruce.

The Profits of Cleanliness.—In Aberdeen the streets are swept every day, at an annual cost of £1,400, and the refuse brings in £2000 a year. In Perth the scavenging costs £1,300 per annum, and the manure sells for £1,730.

American Tribute to Royalty.—An article of millinery, consisting of a bonnet of peculiar and costly description, is immediately expected to arrive, if such be not already the case, from New York, for her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. It is rumoured that it has been the joint manufacture of several ladies, residents and natives of the principal commercial city of the United States of America.

Death of Lady Godolphin.—We regret to learn that intelligence of the decease of the above lady, sister of the Earl of Auckland, was received in town on Thursday. The melancholy event took place on Saturday morning last, at Gogmagog Hall, Lord Godolphin's seat in Cambridgeshire, after a short illness.

Death of Mrs. Disraeli, Sen.—On Tuesday, information was received in town of the demise of this lady, the wife of J. Disraeli, Esq., the celebrated author of "The Curiosities of Literature," and mother of the present member of Parliament.

Death of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.—We regret to record the sudden demise of the venerable Archdeacon Shirley, the newly-appointed Bishop of Sodor and Mann. The melancholy event took place on Wednesday week last, at Bishop's Court, Isle of Mann. It appears that the illness which has proved fatal to the Right Rev. Prelate was the result of a cold, which he caught by sleeping in a damp bed at Liverpool, while *en route* to his diocese. The deceased had held the appointments of Archdeacon of Denbigh, Prebendary of Lichfield, Vicar of Shirley, and Rector of Brailsford, Denbighshire. The value of the see now vacant is only £2000 per annum, and although it confers a seat in the Upper House, the holder cannot vote.

Death of Lady Alicia Gordon.—We have to anounce the demise of the above lady, who died on Saturday last, at her residence in Hertford-street, May Fair. Her ladyship was daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Earl of Aberdeen, and to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Gordon, Bart., G. C. B., and was born in 1788. Lady Alicia was for several years Lady of the Bedchamber of her late Royal Highness the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester.

Death of Lord Rokeby.—This nobleman died on the 7th ult., at Naples, where he had been staying for some time back.

Death of T. B. Martin, Esq., M. P.—We regret to state, that accounts reached town on Tuesday, announcing the death of the above named gentleman, at his seat, Ballinahinch Castle, Galway, which latter he represented in Parliament for many years. The death of Mr. Martin will produce a vacancy in the representation. Even in the height of the repeal agitation, Mr. Martin maintained his position at the election, although he declined all connexion with the movement.

Death of the Widow of the late Mr. Wilberforce.—The widow of this distinguished Christian philanthropist died at East Farley Vicarage.

JNO. W. S. HOWS,
PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE,
Has removed to No. 5 Cottage Place, 3 doors from Bleecker Street.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED. A POPULAR TREATISE ON THE EYE, with engravings, 8vo.; paper covers fifty cents; muslin, seventy-five cents; comprising a familiar description of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Organs of Vision; Rules for the Preservation, Improvement, and Restoration of Sight; Remarks on Optics and the Use and Abuse of Spectacles, with directions for their selection, by JAMES W. POWELL, M. D., Oculist, Aurist, &c. To be had at the Author's, 261 Broadway, corner of Warren-street; and of all booksellers. may 22—3m.

RESIDENCE IN THE VILLAGE OF CANANDAIGUA FOR SALE.—That very desirable and elegant residence, formerly the property of the Hon J. C. Spencer, situate on Main-street in the village of Canandaigua, Western New York.
The freehold consists of nearly five acres, two of which are occupied as grounds and garden, and the remainder in pasture, &c.
To any one wishing a country residence where he can have the advantages of scenery, climate, and society, this property is most desirable.
Application may be made to David Greig, Esq., No. 4 New-street, New York, or to Charles Seymour, Canandaigua. may 22—1t.

BENEDETI'S INSTITUTION; or, Spanish, English, and French Academy, Carthagena, New-Granada.
ANTONIO BENEDETI, Principal.
Mr. A. Benedeti, once a member of the University of Carthagena, New-Granada, and who received his education in the United States of America, will admit in his Institution boarders from all parts of North and South America, provided their parents have a correspondent in Carthagena.
In his establishment, which has existed for several years, enjoying the best reputation, pupils are instructed in the Spanish, English, French, and Latin languages, and the usual branches of commercial education. Those who desire it will also be prepared for the University, the Institution being authorized to it by a decree of the Granadian Government.
Without forgetting their native language, the children of American, English, and French families are perfectly instructed in the Spanish language and literature, Mathematics, Moral and Natural Philosophy, Geography, Book-keeping, Writing, &c., are included in the general course of studies.
Terms.—Boarders $75 per quarter, payable in advance, each pupil furnishing his own bed, bedding, clothes, and towels; washing, shoes, books, &c.; excepting medicine and medical assistance which will be furnished by the Institution. For boarding and tuition alone $55 per quarter; day scholars $20, above 13 years old, if under, $16. A deduction of 10 per cent. will be made when there will be two or more brothers.
Vacations begin on the 10th December, and classes will open to resume the course of studies on the 10th January. The month of vacation is included in the last quarter.
It is generally necessary that families should provide themselves with a correspondent in Carthagena, but if they have none they may draw for the payment of quarters against any commercial house in said place.
Expenses occasioned by illness will be an extra charge.
References: Gregorie Dominguez, Esq., Granadian Consul in New York, 25 South-street; A. Aranguran, Esq., 63 South-street; Messrs. Everett & Battelle, 63 South-st.; Messrs. Murray & Lanman, 69 Water-street. may 22—4t.

BRITISH PROTECTIVE EMIGRANT SOCIETY.
REMITTANCES TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.—For the protection of Emigrants and others, the British Protective Emigrant Society of New York will remit, for parties requiring it, money, in sums large or small, to any part of the Old Country they may direct.
Persons residing out of the city, by enclosing the sum they wish remitted, with directions to whom and where it is to be sent, will have £1 sterling provided for every five dollars so enclosed, by bills on
Bank of British North America, London
Provincial Bank of Ireland;
National Bank of Scotland.
Office of the Society No. 42 Courtland street, New York.
THOMAS DIXON, *President.*
EDWARD F. SANDERSON, JOHN NOBLE, } *Vice Presidents.*
MATHEW RUDSDALE, *Treasurer.*
BOARD OF MANAGERS:
ANTHONY BARCLAY, the British Consul, Ex-officio, JAMES BOORMAN, JOHN S. BARTLETT, JOHN CHARLES BEALES, M.D.
mar 13. E. W. CANNING, *Secretary.*

PARIS MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.—MRS. FALCONER, 653 Broadway, next door to the Stuyvesant Institute, has just received a handsome assortment of Paris Millinery consisting of Hats, Caps, &c.; also Embroideries Laces, black and white Veils, Flowers, Ribbons, Gloves, Breakfast and Night Caps, with Fancy Goods of every variety.
Wanted—A Young Lady of good address, capable of attending in a show room, and a good saleswoman. may 8—4t.

GENERAL INDEX TO THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS. First Series of Fifty Volumes complete. Now ready for distribution: Price to subscribers, $5. With a steel Portrait of the Senior Editor, and an Historical Preface. [1 vol. 8vo, pp. xx and 344.]
This long expected volume is at last ready for delivery, and will be distributed to those who have subscribed for it, with the May Number of the American Journal of Science. Only a limited edition (500 copies) of this elaborate Index has been printed. It is indispensable to all who have entire or even partial copies of the First Series of the Journal, and hardly less important to those who investigate any department of American, or even of foreign science, whether they possess the entire work or not. No pains or labour have been spared to make it full and complete, and above all, accurate. It has occupied the almost undivided attention of a scientific gentleman for six months merely to read and correct the proof-sheets, and we do not include the great labour of constructing it. Its arrangement is lucid and of easy reference, and a full list of figures, plates, and other illustrations in the whole Series is given at the end.
The Historical Preface conveys much interesting information concerning the origin and progress of the work.
It may be procured of all the regular Agents of the Journal.
All subscribers who have given notice of their desire to have the General Index, and who do not receive it soon, will oblige us by sending in their names a second time.
A few complete sets of the first series of 50 vols. still on hand. Address the *Editors.*
New Haven, May 1, 1847. may 1—4t.

THE BOEHM FLUTE.—PHILIP ERNST, Professor of the Flute and Guitar 395 Broadway, near Walker street, would respectfully announce that he has now a most excellent assortment of the above instrument, so celebrated for its superiority over the ordinary one. The flutes Mr Ernst offers for sale are all manufactured for himself expressly, and warranted to be perfect in every respect. If those gentlemen who are interested for this instrument, already so much admired, would call upon Mr. Ernst, at his music saloon, 395 Broadway, he would be most happy to show and explain the numerous advantages of this kind of flute.
N. B.—Mr. Ernst has also several eight key flutes, (taken in Exchange,) manufactured by some of the best makers in this country, which he will dispose of much below cost.
mar 27—3m.

MISSES RAINSFORD'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, No. 60 Fourth Avenue between 20th and 21st streets. The Summer term of this establishment will commence on the 8th of May next.
References may be made to the Rt. Reverend the Bishops of New-York, New-Jersey, and Massachusetts; the Rev. Drs. Berrian, Ferris, Higbee, Matthews, Seabury, Taylor, and Wainwright; the Rev. Messrs. Balch, Carter, Forbes, Haight, Southard, and Price; James B. Ellinman and Brothers, and J. H. Hicks, Esqs.; Messrs. Stanford & Swords, and Bartlett & Welford, New-York. apr 24—4t*

M. W. KING AND SON, PATENT CHAIR MAKERS, 466 Broadway. Pivot Revolving Chairs, Recumbent Revolving Chairs, Self-Acting Extension Recumbent Chairs, Dentist Chairs, Improved Invalid Wheel Chairs, Branch Reading and Writing Desks, and every variety of Mechanical Chairs for comfort and convenience.
☞ Also, by permission, manufacturers of Major Serle's U. S. A. Travelling Invalid Chair. Fashionable Cabinet Furniture made to order.
M. W. KING, W. B. HALLECK, } New York.
feb 20—6m.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.—MRS. MEARS, 784 Broadway, (corner of 10th street), New York, who has had the honour to educate the daughters of many of the first families in this country, whose names are, with permission, attached to her circular, is induced under their flattering patronage respectfully to notify, that in consequence of having increased accommodations for pupils, eight more young ladies as Boarders can be received into the establishment, which will complete the limit to which Mrs. Mears confines herself.
That the progress and attainments of her pupils are unsurpassed in solid as well as ornamental acquirements, Mrs. Mears appeals with confidence to her numerous patrons.
*** Terms and full particulars can be procured at her residence.
☞ The Summer term commences on the 5th May next. apr 24—4t*

W. HALL, A.M. M.D., since his return from Europe continues his office at 127 Canal street, New Orleans, exclusively for CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS, by a new, safe, effectual, and painless mode of treatment. Blisters, setons, issues, or emetics not being used.
☞ See "Hall on Phthisis," for sale by J. B. Steele, 14 Camp street, New Orleans. Dr. H. is in Cincinnati, Ohio, from June 1st to November 1st of each year.
mar 13—1y.

NIAGARA DISTRICT, U. C., 40 miles from the Falls.—To be LET or SOLD, a comfortable residence, with offices, fit for the immediate reception of a family; the house and grounds, including well fenced garden and young orchard, secluded by the forest from the Talbot Road, which passes the avenue gate. 32 acres cleared, the lot contains 200 acres. Price $2,000—Rent $100.
ALSO, the adjoining lot, containing 200 acres, 18 cleared, large young orchard, a well built log house, and a frame barn 60 by 40, and 20 feet high. Price $1,500—Rent $50.
Apply, post paid, to E. M. STEWART.
apr 17—1m. Grammar School, Ancaster, U. C.

COINS, BANKS, AND FINANCES OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.—*The Bankers' Magazine and State Financial Register*, published Monthly, 64 pages 8vo. Three dollars per annum. Contains elaborate and authentic details, showing I. The Finances of every State in the Union and of European Governments. II. Condition of the Banks of every State. III. Accounts of the prominent banking institutions of European Cities. IV. Engraved Facsimiles of 200 Gold and Silver Coins of Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America, with their value. V. Recent decisions of the English and American Courts respecting Banks, Bills of Exchange, Notes, Notaries, rights of Stockholders and Directors. VI. Specie, Circulation, Capital, Loans, &c of each bank in the principal cities. VII. Rates of Exchange on London for each month from 1822 to 1847. VIII. Finances, Revenues, Expenditures, and Public Debt of European Governments. IX. Finances, Loans, Revenues, Debts, &c. of the United States since 1781. X. Biographical Sketches of prominent Bankers.
☞ No subscription received for a less period than one year.
J. SMITH HOMANS, Editor and Proprietor, Baltimore, Md.
Wanted—Two competent canvassers for this work for Canada and United States.
apr 17—6t*

BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL STEAM SHIPS of 1200 tons and 440 horse power each.
Under contract with the Lords of the Admiralty.
Hibernia, ... Capt. Alexander Ryrie.
Caledonia, ... Capt Edward G. Lott.
Britannia, ... Capt. John Hewitt,
Cambria, ... Capt. Charles H. E. Judkins
Acadia, ... Capt. William Harrison.
Will sail from Liverpool and Boston, via Halifax, as follows,

FROM BOSTON	FROM LIVERPOOL
Britannia on the 1st June, 1847.	Hibernia, on the 19th May, 1847.
Hibernia, " 16th June, 1847.	Cambria " 4th June, 1847.
Cambria, " 1st July, 1847.	

Passengers' baggage must be on board the day previous to the steamers sailing.
Passage money. From Boston to Liverpool, $120. From Boston to Halifax, $20.
These ships carry experienced Surgeons. No berth secured until paid for.
No freight except specie received on days of Sailing.
For freight or passage, or any other information, apply to
D. BRIGHAM, Jr. Agent, at HARNDEN & Co's., No. 6 Wall-street.
☞ In addition to the above line between Liverpool and Halifax and Boston, a contract has been entered into with Her Majesty's Government to establish a line between Liverpool and New York direct. The steam ships for this service are now being built, and early next year due notice will be given of the time when they will start under the new contract. The steamers will sail every Saturday during eight months, and every fortnight during the other four months in the year; going alternately between Liverpool and Halifax and Boston, and between Liverpool and New York.
The four Steam Ships now building are,
The America, The Niagara,
" Canada, " Europe.

POLITICAL DEPARTMENT AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBION.

Halifax, N. S., May 6, 1847.

My Dear Sir,—Having given you sketches of the Parliamentary proceedings here during the last three years, I proceed now, in conclusion, to communicate a short history of the fifth and last session of this Parliament.

A few months previous to its meeting a new epoch in the Province had taken place, and in the arrival of the present Lieut.-Governor, Sir John Harvey, a favourable opportunity was afforded of settling our political distractions. Charged with the office of mediator and peacemaker between the two parties, by the express appointment of Lord Grey—a duty specially congenial with his own disposition—untrammelled by any connexion with either, and invested with the *prestige* of long residence in British America, and both military and civil success, His Excellency had no slight grounds for confident anticipation, however difficult the task before him.

The speech from the throne at the opening of the session, which breathed nothing but kindness, could scarcely be answered but by unanimous complimentary addresses. Fortune, too, seemed to be auspicious on this occasion. It chanced that Lord Elgin, the Governor-General, arrived from England on the day of their presentation, and expressed a wish to witness the ceremony. An impromptu levee was held at Government House; Sir John Harvey received his Addresses, and then short and appropriate compliments of the same kind were paid by both houses to Lord Elgin. Afterwards Sir John courteously introduced all the Halifax *monde* to his noble guest, who showed in his demeanour and the style of his extempore reply to the Council and Assembly, the readiness of the clever man of business, and the tone of high breeding. He felicitated all parties on the harmony that prevailed, and probably left Halifax under this pleasing illusion. Now, as we know, that giving a man a good name is no trifling inducement to support the character, our Nova Scotia politicians were thus furnished with an additional incentive to concord and probity, suitable to the very unexpected reputation they had thus fortuitously established.

In the course of a few days the Lieut.-Governor communicated to Parliament several papers respecting his overtures to the Conservatives and Liberals to form a comprehensive administration; and it was supposed an important debate would follow; however, none took place. The principal documents were a sort of manifesto from the leaders of the opposition and a reply from the Executive Council. There is a strong contrast, both in tone and composition, between these papers, which is in good keeping with the style of their respective schools. The manifesto is blustering, undignified, and declamatory; and, moreover, disrespectful to the Lieut.-Governor. The reply is, as might be expected, moderate, gentlemanly, and argumentative.

It appeared that, pursuant to Sir John Harvey's wish, to be able to make a fair proposition to the Liberals, two of the six Executive Councillors offered to resign their seats at the Board, and one of them, the Solicitor-General, to give up his office. Thus that post and four seats out of nine in the Council would be at the disposal of the opposition. The managers for the Liberals declined the offer on two grounds. First, they said it did not embrace that equal share of office, power, and patronage to which they were entitled; and secondly, they objected *in toto* to a coalition government.

It may be proper to pause for a moment and enquire what just claims these gentlemen could show to an exact moiety of official honor and profit. Were they founded on a temperate and dignified opposition, the absence of all faction and violence in their proceedings, and of scurrility in their press, and an increasing strength in Parliament? This might have constituted a good case; but what are the facts? they amount to the direct reverse. For three years they have caballed and bullied without ceasing, to upset the administration. They have scrupled at no means to effect their object, but have unceasingly pursued it, *per fas aut nefas*; from the rabid threat against the head of the government in the Assembly, to the foul slander against its humble supporter in the newspaper; from an appeal to a gallery mob in the Capital, to three summers of perambulatory invective in the country. Instead of *increased strength* in Parliament, the last party division in 1846 showed the government majority *quadrupled*. After all this and much more—with no hold on the affections of any large classes of the community above the most needy, most ignorant, and most violent—distrusted and disliked by seven-eighths of the gentry, clergy, and mercantile body, and under the ban of Downing-street, in such circumstances, to demand as a right one-half of the loaves and fishes, after throwing away their share three years ago in a huff, is sufficiently preposterous.

Despatches from Lord Grey respecting the Civil List were soon after sent down for the consideration of the Assembly; but with a recommendation from the Lieut.-Governor for the subject to lie over till the meeting of the new Parliament. In my last letter I stated that the British Government, though disliking the low scale of salaries of the civil officers in the Bill which passed here in 1844, was yet prepared to confirm it, from a strong desire to settle a long and irritating controversy; but with a proviso that the arrears of salaries, amounting to £7000, were paid. I informed you also that the House of Assembly declined to pay these arrears, confessedly due, and gave you their reasons, which I thought very unsatisfactory.

It now appears that acting on a favourite Blue Nose economical principle, to save a penny and lose a pound, the Assembly have thus missed a good opportunity of closing an unpleasant dispute on their own terms, and at the same time making an arrangement advantageous to the Province. Lord Grey now writes, not only that the payment of the arrears must be an indispensable preliminary, but also that the schedule of salaries is to be arranged *de novo*.

Another vexed question—the Coal Mines—has occupied the House; which was also noticed in my communication to the Albion last year. It was there stated that the Assembly had resolved to fee eminent London Counsel, to obtain an opinion whether the King had a legal right to grant the Coal Mines to the Duke of York in 1826. I added, "Will these learned gentlemen decide against the Crown, supported by twenty years usage, or sufferance, or whatever they may forensically call it? I trow not." And I ventured to predict, that feeing counsel in this case, would turn out to be making ducks and drakes with the public money.

Pursuant to the resolution of the Assembly, a Brief was drawn up and forwarded to Lincoln's Inn, and the legal opinion from there was communicated early this Session. It dropped like a shell amongst the Members, blowing up all their preconceived theories respecting the Royalties of the Crown, and telling them that the King of England had only exercised his legal and constitutional right. The Opposition members, who had been prominent in this unwise proceeding, console themselves in the sneer that the opinion is worthless, and in imagining that it would have been different had the Brief been better drawn up. But as their Leader was the chief agent in preparing the Brief, this was rather an ungracious remark. He is now in England, but will not forget it on his return.

I can only glance at a long debate on the administration of the Crown Lands, brought on by Mr. Howe, *ad captandum*, and as political capital at the approaching General Election. It ended in a sort of compromise between the members on opposite sides of the House. As these Lands are still in the Queen's hands, it appears a little premature to legislate for their more economical administration, before their revenues are surrendered to the Province.

The British Possessions' Act of the Imperial Parliament, has given such extraordinary powers to the Colonial Legislatures, that they appear everywhere puzzled how to begin to exercise them. It is a positive *embarras des richesses*. Here they have commenced feeling their way by an Act about the Customs, and I presume will take wider ground as soon as it is known whether it will be approved at home. It is to be hoped, though scarcely to be expected, that this great boon will be used moderately and wisely, and in due harmony with the views of the British Government. Otherwise it is likely to be attended with all kinds of entanglements, anomalies, and embroilments.

The Simultaneous Polling Bill, which is now a law, occupied much of the Session. It will greatly tend to the peace and general advantage of the people. Formerly an Election contest was often prolonged ten or twelve days, and thus all the angry passions it stirred up had full time to foment into deeds of strife and blood. During a General Election, the whole Province was kept in an ardent political fever for a fortnight. The Attorney General, reckless of the interests of his brethren of the Black Robe, has now reduced this periodic epidemic to one day, after the example of the Mother Country, Canada, and New Brunswick; and he deserves the thanks of every good man for the deed.

Another Act has passed this Session, which will be beneficial to the honest Freeholder and the general character of the Province; and was also introduced, and carried through the Assembly by the Attorney General. It seems that fraudulent transfers of Crown Lands had been often made of late, to create a freehold title; and there was reason to believe that this knavery was in course of preparation for the next Election, on a large scale, on the Liberal side. A Bill for its better prevention and punishment was brought in near the end of the Session, which was most bitterly and strenuously combated by the Opposition, as was quite natural. They called it all manner of bad names—arbitrary, penal, tyrannical, oppressive. Mr. Howe, *more suo*, stated in his place, that he would oppose it in every stage, and if it unfortunately passed the House and became a law, himself and his friends would raise a fund of £1000 to defend any persons who should be tried under its provisions. In other words, to support fraud and perjuring. Notwithstanding, the Bill passed by the largest majority that any question, testing the strength of parties, obtained during the last four years; and thus the *côte gauche* had the mortification of receiving their greatest and final defeat in the most inglorious of causes.

The revenue has increased much during the year, admitting of the payment of a portion of debt, large appropriations for education, internal improvements, such as roads, bridges, assistance to steamboat proprietors, &c., besides munificent charitable contributions for the unusual distresses of our fellow subjects at this time. Indeed, the Nova Scotians are true *Liberals*, in this the most noble meaning of the word. Yet there is one sad drawback. Whilst feeding the famishing Irish, and repairing the ravages of distant fire, and hurricane, and earthquake, they neglect to provide accommodations for the sick and the insane at their own doors. This deep sin of omission rests on the House of Assembly. To the petty envy of the Capital entertained by many of the County Members, and their paltry economy, the ruling passion of all, is owing the unenviable singularity their chief City now possesses. In this year of Grace, 1847, Halifax is the only large City in the British Dominions, destitute both of a Hospital and a Lunatic Asylum.

In sketching the proceedings of the Session, some wanton imputations on the Judicial Bench, which were thrown out in the Assembly, ought not to be omitted. No definite charge, it is true, could either be made or insinuated; what *was* insinuated amounts, when analysed, to a suspicion of a bias to Conservatism on the part of the Bench, which is inferred from the belief that the Judges are of Conservative opinions. Never was any thing more inequitable and un-English than throwing out such suspicions without a shadow of foundation. That Mr. Howe, who has a penchant for "speaking evil of dignities," should aim a shaft at the Bench on the occasion, excited no surprise; but for the learned Speaker to descend,

"——————— in *vulgum*
Spargere voces ambiguas ———"

was most indecent and reprehensible.

This functionary having asserted that a great part of the bar agreed with him in opinion, a meeting of the Halifax lawyers was held the next morning, which was attended by some forty or fifty members of the bar, or eight tenths of the number here. These gentlemen unanimously repudiated the Speaker's imputation on the bench and on themselves; and the country lawyers have since followed their example.

I have the pleasure of being well acquainted with the exemplary and venerable Chief Justice, and the other Provincial judges. They are all men of the purest character in private life; and I question much whether any bench, even in England, can surpass them in mildness and patience in their official demeanour, courtesy to the bar, uprightness, impartiality, and general efficiency.

This is likely to be a busy summer in Nova Scotia, for an electioneering campaign has just begun, and the rival Conservative and Liberal forces are mustering their strength with great zeal and diligence. The organs of the latter talked very big some months ago; but their tone has sunk considerably of late, in consequence of the secession of several of the moderate of their party, and the alarming defection of the coloured people, who are numerous in the neighbourhood, and are said to have 500 votes in this county. Mr. Howe's silly insult last year, that it might be necessary to "*hire a black fellow to horsewhip the Governor*," rankles in their breasts, and is likely to cost him dear; as, four years ago, similar intemperance of language lost his party the Baptists.

From all I can observe and learn, I am inclined to think that the prospect is very encouraging for the Conservative candidates. They have strong points in their favour. It is true they do not indulge in "empty praise"—and self-praise, the most inane of all; but they can show a good lump of "solid pudding" gained for the Province under their administration. The Liberals may theorize very beautifully, but they practice very badly—the Conservatives confine themselves to the good practise. Their full treasury contrasts well with an empty one; large portions of public debt discharged, *vice* new debt contracted—30 or £40,000 per annum for roads and bridges, instead of 10 or £12,000. They have, certainly, not adopted the newest form of Responsible Government by heads of departments, but, as some compensation, the heads of families and firms have prospered under their rule; public confidence has been restored; trade and commerce have emerged from a state of great prostration into healthy activity, and the revenue has been nearly doubled.

The unusual activity now prevalent amongst the Conservatives—generally so sluggish, compared with their adversaries—has been excited by the insolence of Liberal boasting and threats. The Liberal journals say they will sweep away every Tory official when they gain a majority in the Assembly; they will make no compromise—it will be pure party government, and "*Væ victis!*" will be their cry. To be sure the Lieut. Governor and Lord Grey may not quite approve of this; but these organs appear to consider their opinion as a secondary matter.

The Conservatives are bound by no such engagements. In the event of the elections confirming their present majority, or increasing it, they will doubtless be ready to meet the wish of the Lieut. Governor, and act with some of the more moderate Liberals in the Executive Council; possibly to offer the twice beaten enemy the same terms as were lately refused. But this is only my conjecture. One thing is certain, that the Provincial Government and British Government too, would be saved much embarrassment by the success of the Conservatives.

In the mean time, the new Lieut.-Governor is trying, by all lawful means, to soften and sweeten the acerbities in Halifax society, and clear the avenues to the Temple of Concord; not without hope of conducting crowds of worshippers thither during his administration. "Blessed are the peacemakers," and every good man must heartily wish him success. Lord Elgin, too, is engaged in the same benevolent work, and is also gaining golden opinions of all classes. I perceive that his offers to form a more enlarged administration have shared the fate of Sir John Harvey's, and the reply of M. Morin has not been more civil than that of the opposition leaders here.

Everything passing on the Canadian political stage, during the last twenty years, has found a servile copy in this Province; indeed the real London Thespians do not imitate the Parisians in their lighter pieces more closely. First there was the buffoonery of Mackenzie, in the days of his glory, his mob oratory, and his scurrilous press. To this we can show an exact parallel. Next, the farce of an Elective Council, which had a run in Canada under the auspices of M. Papineau, and was immediately produced here. It is true the tragedy of St. Denis was considered too full of horrors to be risked in this quarter; but, notwithstanding its involved and clumsy plot, and heavy scenes, the comedy, "Responsible Government" still has possession of the Nova Scotia stage; pruned, however, of much of its original extravagance.

Again, if an *emeute* among the actors takes place in Montreal, we have immediately a similar row here. Four years ago, because manager Metcalfe would not resign his proper authority, and give them *carte blanche* as to the choice of pieces, scenes, dresses, and machinery, the company, with one exception, struck work and left the theatre in a body, in the middle of the season. Two months afterwards the Nova Scotia manager was treated in the same way, and for the same reason, by half his corps. The abstract right to act in this huffish manner may be conceded, but the subsequent conduct of both sets of malcontents is quite indefensible. Accompanied by a crowd of their friends, they occupied prominent places in the pit and gallery on the first night of the performance of a new company, set up a tremendous hissing, catcalling, and stamping, and have persisted systematically ever since, interrupting every piece without any discrimination. The public are now getting disgusted at their proceedings, and will, very probably, soon turn them out with little ceremony, like other disorderly persons.

But I have run my figure to its last legs, and can only use it further to make my bow in this my last theatrical critique. If my preceding notices of the performances shall at all tend to banish political burlesque, bombast, and extravagancy from this stage, and restore a taste for the legitimate St. Stephen's drama, I shall heed very little the attacks on the writer which they have occasioned.

Wishing the "Albion" that abundant success its great merits and long services in behalf of

"The inviolate Island of the brave and free"

deserve—

I remain, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

SCRUTATOR

MEASURES, NOT MEN.

From Fraser's Magazine.

* * * * *

Of the uses to which Sir Robert Peel turned his influence it would be a waste of time to speak. *We* find little to object to in his first steps as a Reformer. Even his Church Commission, though inadequately constructed, and most unwisely worked, was good in its intentions; and of his fiscal and commercial changes, up to the last, we have elsewhere spoken as they seemed to deserve. His last step of all was, however, a fatal one; —*fatal we mean to his own influence, and destructive to the existence of his party.* He did not manage it well. In themselves the Corn-laws may have been either good or bad; and undoubtedly the predictions, on which he founded his argument for their repeal were more than verified. Nevertheless, his manner of carrying the measure will not bear a moment's defence. *No man has a right, while representing one set of opinions, to work in secret for the ascendency of another.* And Sir Robert, like the Duke of Wellington, has been taught, that a party betrayed, whether right or wrong in its views, never forgive the traitor.

Meanwhile, Lord John Russell has marched as steadily on towards the place of a sound Conservative as Sir Robert Peel has gone off in the direction of the movement. He is no longer the advocate of extreme measures. The famous Irish Appropriation-clause is dead and buried, never to rise again. There is not a whisper about an extended suffrage, either in Great Britain or Ireland. Corporation reform has reached its limits; and the constitution of 1831 seems to be complete. At the same time his Lordship is not idle. He has conceded to the Church a point which the professed friends of the Church peremptorily refused. St. Asaph retains its bishop, and, unless common report belie him, Lord John is about to sanction the creation of four new sees in England, besides. His Irish policy also, whether sound or otherwise, is at least impartial. There is no attempt to elevate one party above another. The Tail has lost its influence, and its voice has become mute, or, if heard at all, it seems to produce no effect upon any one. Undoubtedly, we cannot approve of the arrangements made to meet the exigencies of the Irish famine at the outset. We think that considering the genius of the people, they were as ill-advised in theory as in their execution they have proved fruitful of abuse. But we are far from accusing Lord John of seeking this end to avoid which, indeed, in dealing with Ireland, seems to be, under any circumstances, impossible. In like manner his Irish Poor-law is not only a party measure, but if carried, as we presume that it must be, it will become law in defiance of a powerful party opposition. And when we look elsewhere what do we find? Schemes devised and plans brought forward, which have no ground whatever to stand upon, except their assumed applicability to the wants and wishes of the community.

Consider what is doing in regard to National Education; to improvements in the *morale* of our military system; to the theory and practice of colonization; to the improvement of the criminal law. Could Peel, or Canning, or Pitt himself, have managed these things better? We do not believe that they could: we are confident that, under the old *regime*, none of them would have had the hardihood to attempt it. Where are we, then?—we who, for fifteen years and more, have fought the battle of the constitution under a Tory banner, and played no mean part in keeping the Tory party together? Exactly where we have always been,—the uncompromising advocates of genuine Tory principles, the friends of social improvement so long as it shall be judiciously carried on, faithful to the Church, loyal to the throne, and true to the people. But as to party, banners, leaders, cries, and so forth, we hereby proclaim our severance from them all. Henceforth we shall look to measures, not to men: and to some of those now under the consideration of parliament we proceed to address ourselves.

And here, as is fitting, we turn our gaze in the first instance towards the Amended Irish Poor-law, which, while we write, is still in progress through the House of Commons. That it must be considered in the light of a very bold experiment, we agree with all classes of politicians in admitting. It cannot fail to effect such a social revolution in the sister country as has not, in modern times, been accomplished anywhere under the

sun. Will it work for good? Honestly, and without reserve, we believe that it will: not suddenly, perhaps, nor yet till a sort of crisis shall have arrived, and been surmounted, but in the end, and that, too, so as to permit its authors to enjoy the triumph of their own success. Observe, that we see distinctly before us resistance even to bloodshed, when first the rates come to be collected. Nobody in Ireland has money, or will acknowledge that he has. Nobody ever thinks of paying a debt to the State, so long as he can help it; and as to the rate-collector, he will be a fortunate man if, in his first endeavour to gather in the cess, he escape assassination. But times will change with the change which is sure to occur in the persons of the proprietors and occupants of the soil; and till this occur, the police and the soldiers must do their duty. Ten years hence we shall have an entirely new set of squires in every Irish county. The old families will have broken up and gone, we cannot tell where; and with them will depart something that was good, perhaps, but, we write it deliberately, a great deal more that was evil. Ten years hence, also, we expect to see a greatly improved system of farming in Ireland. The new landlord will enter into his possessions with capital at his command. He will gather round him an industrious yeomanry; build for them respectable houses; interdict altogether sub-letting and the conacre nuisance; and teach them, both by example and precept, to deal fairly by the labouring population. We know that the Irishman, as he now is, deserves all the censure, on the score of indolence, which the Archbishop of Dublin has heaped upon him. He will not work a moment longer than is necessary to earn the pittance on which soul and body can be held together. And the total absence of forethought which characterises him at home, is not left behind, by any means, when he visits this country. But why should these things be? Because the Irish labourer has never been encouraged, nor felt that it was his interest, to be industrious. A resident gentry, with estates mortgaged to the water-line, create of necessity a pauperised tenantry, who, in their turn, neglect and oppress the labourer,—giving him, in lieu of wages, a miserable potatoe garden, and training him in that school to habits of practical deceit as well as theoretical lying. How can it be otherwise, than that a people so circumstanced should be indolent, cunning, savage, and chronically poor?

The favourite objection to Lord John Russell's measure seems to be that it will aggravate the evils under which Ireland is seen to labour, and the clauses which authorise the giving of out-door relief to the able-bodied are pointed to as leading to this result. Now if these clauses were, in their spirit, such as the opponents of the bill represent them to be, even in this case we should hesitate to admit the justice of the conclusion which is drawn from them. The law which permits an able-bodied man, who may be willing to work but unable to find employment, to come upon his parish for a maintenance, tells in more ways than one. It reminds the owner and occupier of the soil that, since they must support the individual, it is better to get some return for their outlay than none. They are, therefore, pretty sure to find for him odd jobs here and there, which, if they do not quite come up to the value of the week's pay, fall very little short of it.

Such, with all the faults of the system, was undoubtedly the case under the old English Poor-law, when out-door relief was the rule and the workhouse the exception; and able-bodied men, making the size of their families a plea, thought it no disgrace to seek before a bench of magistrates pauper's pay, in addition to their own lightly earned wages. But the obnoxious clauses in the Irish law do not admit of any such interpretation. They establish no right at all to relief for the able-bodied pauper except in the workhouse, so long as there shall be room to receive him there; and, even in the last extremity, they so guard and fence round the property of the rate-payers, that the risks of damage are marvellously small. All that is sought for is, that no Irishman shall either perish of hunger or be driven to a life of mendicancy and crime, while there is ample food in the country. Will any reasonable being say that this is wrong? Surely not. Surely it is but common justice to England that she should not be burdened with the poor of Ireland in addition to her own; surely it is no more than justice to Ireland herself, that she should be rendered capable, as she easily may, of maintaining in comparative comfort the whole of her population.

Admitting, then, that the New Poor-law comes over Ireland like a black cloud; that when it bursts it will, probably, let loose upon the land a hurricane, before which many a house shall fall, and many a family go down; we are satisfied that its ultimate effect will be to purify the political atmosphere by the same process which, substantially as well as metaphorically, fertilises the soil. Let any man who knows what Ireland is, or has passed ever so hurriedly through it, say whether the land, even where pains seem to have been taken with it, is cultivated up to an extreme point? And as to the reclaimable deserts which disfigure its surface—the bogs—the marshy places—the swamps, they constitute, we verily believe, a good fourth part of the island. Will not the effect of the Poor-law, and especially of the particular clauses which are so much objected to, be to bring these wastes into cultivation? We are confident that it must, and knowing how immediate will be the elevation of the Irish character, which needs but the engrafting of truths and habits of industry on its frankness to render it perfect,—knowing how the comforts of the masses will be enlarged, and their tastes, and therefore their manners, humanised, we are not ashamed to acknowledge, that if the prices necessary to be paid include a thorough revolution in the proprietary, we are willing to pay it. Ireland will gain much more than she loses, under such circumstances, by a change of resident gentry; while the whole empire feels the good effect in the non-recurrence of such scenes as render us at this moment objects of mingled compassion and contempt to the rest of the civilized world.

Lord John Russell's Irish Poor-law has our cordial approval. We wish it well through the Lords for it is quite as much an English as an Irish measure, and when passed cannot fail of operating as a strong bond of union between the two countries.

Look we next at the process of Army Reform, which, though undoubtedly begun under his lordship's predecessor, is prosecuted with a degree of vigour of which we suspect that on so delicate a subject of the late ministers were incapable. Of the plans for the better education of the soldier, we need not say much. They have been described with sufficient accuracy in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, and may be judged of by any person who shall take the trouble to visit the Training Institution in the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea. But the present government is not disposed to stop there. They make no secret of their intentions largely to increase the soldier's comforts in barracks; and are prepared, if we be rightly informed, with a plan for the suppression of the canteen nuisance, and the erection of convenient day-rooms, libraries, and reading-rooms on its ruins.

[The fear of discharging so many military men, and letting them in upon society idle, is combatted with the argument that they will find employment in the Police force of London, and other cities, where their services, it is said, will be very acceptable.]

It is by no means clear to us, that of the proportion of men who are entitled at the end of ten years to claim their discharges, one half will desire to quit the service. We believe, on the contrary, that a vast majority will re-enlist: some for the mere love of a profession to which they have become attached, others with a view to earn the pension which will thus be secured to them. At the same time it must not be that the Secretary at War shall adhere to the existing rate of pension. Sixpence a-day does no good: it rather does harm to the recipient. It causes him to be passed by in the distribution of work wherever it is scanty, and being quite inadequate to provide common necessaries, it drives him into the union workhouse. A soldier who has passed the greater part of twenty-one years in colonial service, cannot fail at the end of them to be worn out; and has faithfully earned his shilling as a private, as a non-commissioned officer more. And though for the present he be silent in regard to this matter, it seems to us to be impossible that Mr. Maule should not be aware of the fact. The pension will, undoubtedly, be raised in favour of men who re-enlist. Such as claim their discharges and go away, cannot look for more than is held out to them by the prospect of the deferred pension.

All this may be true: and though the arrangements involve a complete abandonment of patronage by members of parliament and by lords of the treasury, it may in the course of time be adopted. But how are we to deal with another difficulty, which the nature of the British empire both creates and must propitiate? What is to be done for the military occupation of the colonies? In a very short time there will not be a regiment in the service on the consistency of which it will be possible to count for a year; for it is not as if we could, by some self-producing process, keep up our battalions to the regulation strength the full period of ten years. In this case no more would be required than to fix upon some arbitrary limit for foreign service, and to ship off the different regiments, one by one, at the exact moment, which should ensure their continuance abroad till they should have reached it. Under the new system regiments must be in a state of constant fluctuation—old soldiers going, and new soldiers coming in every year. What can we do with corps so constructed? Would it be judicious to send them to China, India, Polynesia, Ceylon, the Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope? Shall we not find that at some critical moment one half of the force on which we depend melts, as it were, away, and leaves us helpless? And even under circumstances less trying, will not the expense and trouble of sending out reliefs constantly break us quite down?

There is no denying that to these very serious inconveniences the proposed arrangements in regard to enlistment must be liable; for though the act empowers the officers in command at foreign stations to retain, in case of need, men whose term is up, two years beyond the period, even these two years *will* come to an end. And, which is worse, they will not get rid of the embarassment at all; they will merely postpone it. But what of all that? Was any change ever proposed or effected in the constitution of any body, civil or military, which did not bring its inconveniences along with it? Surely not. We admit the evil, and understand its nature. We must, therefore, cast about to devise remedies, of which one presents itself immediately in the establishment of a two-fold scheme of recruiting; one of which shall apply to service eastward of the Cape, the other to service in Europe, North America, and the West Indies; and there are two ways of managing this, either of which seems to give ample promise of success. Either regiments, as the turn of each for service eastward of the Cape arrives, may be allowed to call for volunteers from other regiments, who shall engage to abide not less than fourteen years under their colours, and be assured of a pension of a shilling a-day at the expiration of this period; or we may do in England as is done in Holland, raise a portion of our army expressly for service in the East, and leave to the regiments composing the Indian brigade the protection, under ordinary circumstances, of our eastern settlements. In either case men enough will be forthcoming; for every officer who has served in India knows that soldiers are loath to quit that station after they have once tasted of the luxuries which are there insured to them; and as regards recruiting, there are no corps which are more eagerly sought after than the East India Company's European regiments. At all events, let us not examine so narrowly into the contingent disadvantages of the plan, as that our vision shall have become too contracted to take in its advantages. The service must become more popular in proportion as it ceases to partake of the nature of slavery; and a popular military service is always a good service; not less in regard to the characters of the individuals belonging to it, than with reference to its efficiency in the field.

Into other subjects adverted to in the beginning of this paper, namely, the policy of the government in regard to National Education, the Improvement of the Criminal Laws, and Systematic Colonisation, we are not going, on the present occasion to enter. They are all too important to be dealt with, except in detail; and for a detailed examination of the least expansive of them, we have not space. We may, however, observe in passing, that the first has our hearty approval; and that the remaining two appear, as far as their tendency has yet been developed, to show traces of great care and an anxiety to accomplish good. Probably we may bring them under the consideration of our readers this day month; but, in the meanwhile, we have said our say. For to defend the course which ministers have taken in regard to education, seems, after Mr. Kay Shuttleworth's pamphlet, to be unnecessary: and were the case otherwise, we might fairly leave the cause of truth in the hands of its enemies. Mr. Baines and his friends are giving a steadier impulse to the great work of national regeneration than the most sanguine admirers of the ministerial scheme could have counted upon. They have shown, and are every day rendering more manifest, that the extreme of sectarian rancour and prejudice is compatible only with a state of ignorance; and that the apostles of bigotry, whether they be Romanists or Protestant Dissenters, are the bitterest enemies of general enlightenment. Mr. Baines' horror of the Church is such, that he would rather see the poor of this country debased and demoralised Dissenters, than enlightened and moral Churchgoers. So let it be. The cause which seeks to bolster itself up by arguments such as those which the Anti-Educationists employ is a bad one, and it is a falling one too. The ministers will take their own course; and all that are right-minded in the three kingdoms, without distinction of sect or party, will support them.

Thus far Lord John Russell has done well. Let him go on as he has begun, and, by whatever name he may choose to call himself, he shall have our support.

Imperial Parliament.

LIMITED SERVICE IN THE ARMY—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S OPINION.

House of Lords, April 26.

The Duke of WELLINGTON addressed the House from the Ministerial benches, and spoke in the following words:—

"It was unnecessary for my noble friend to apologise for addressing your lordship on this subject. There is no officer in the service better qualified than he is, from his long experience and acquaintance with military transactions in most parts of Europe and Asia, to judge of the effect likely to be produced by the measure under your lordships' consideration. I agree with my noble friend with respect to the importance of this measure in its bearing upon the interests of the army; and I assure him that, if I thought it was calculated to deprive the army of the old soldiers, I would be the first to object to its adoption; but, having well considered the measure ever since it first came under the deliberation of her Majesty's servants, it is my opinion that it will not lead to any diminution of the number of old soldiers in the service. (Cheers.)

"I maintain that old soldiers are absolutely necessary to the very existence, even, of the army. (Cheers). I will not direct any observations as to what ought to be the condition of the army when engaged in active service, because I am aware that it is unpalatable to a British House of Parliament to consider in time of peace what is necessary in a period of warfare. I, therefore, will refer only to the army in time of peace. I say that you must have the best-disciplined troops in the army which you maintain for the service of the country. This country cannot exist without such a body in its service; and I earnestly entreat your lordships to attend to that circumstance in dealing with this measure, and to take care that it shall not deprive the country of the services of old soldiers. Cheers from the opposition). It is they who set the example, it is they who maintain discipline and good order, it is they who at all times put a stop to everything that is bad, and it is they upon whom you must rely for the performance of those services which are required from an army in time of peace as well as in war.

"I must observe that, although this country has been under the protection of treaties of peace for thirty years and more, I have, during that time, had under my consideration military operations of great extent and importance, not only in the Mediterranean, but in North and South America, in South Africa, and all over Asia, nearly at the same time, and, if you had not had the highest discipline and the best troops in the world, it would not have been possible for you to carry on those operations. Look to the case of China. In that case it was necessary to transport troops from Australia, and land them in China, where they were called upon to act on rivers, in creeks, and upon islands, in concert with the ships of her Majesty. They succeeded in effecting all that was expected from them. How was that done? It was done by the discipline of your troops—the discipline maintained by the old soldiers. They were the men who led the young ones, and, acting together, they are able to achieve any conquest—(Cheers.) I may refer to another transaction which was mentioned in one of the despatches of my noble friend Lord Hardinge. One night during the operations against the Sikhs a regiment was lying on their arms, and Lord Hardinge was lying on the ground at their head. The enemy opened a fire upon them and annoyed them very much; in consequence of which my noble friend ordered the regiment to rise and advance upon the guns. The order was obeyed, and the guns were captured—(Cheers). This was at night, remember—(Hear, hear). Now, my lords, I ask whether such a feat could have been performed, under such circumstances, except by old soldiers?—(Cheers). It would have been impossible.

"Bear in mind the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon with respect to old soldiers. Remember the manner in which he employed them. Recollect, too, how much they are prized by every power all over the world, and then I will once more entreat your lordships never to consent to any measure which would depriye her Majesty's service of old and experienced men, and thus pave the way for disasters which would assuredly follow when the army should be employed in war.

"It is my opinion, however, that the present measure is not calculated to have such an effect—(Loud cheers). It is my opinion that, considering all the circumstances connected with this measure—considering the comforts which the soldier already enjoys—considering the other advantages about to be conferred upon him, it is not likely to be attended with the effect of diminishing the service of the old soldiers—(Continued cheers).

"I beg to remind your lordships that the servants of the sovereign of this country have always had it in their power to enlist soldiers for limited or unlimited service—at least, such power has been vested in them since the failure of the experiment of 1806. The Government fixed the amount of bounty, which, as has been truly stated, regulates the enlistment for limited or unlimited service; and, therefore, the proposition of limited service is not exactly new to the army. It is new, practically, as far as this, that there are not now any limited service men in the army except in some of the bands. In point of fact, the whole of the army at the present moment is enlisted for unlimited service. It is now purposed that henceforth men shall enlist for limited service. The noble earl who so ably addressed your lordships in moving the second reading of this measure anticipates that one of its consequences will be that a superior description of men will be induced to enlist in the service of her Majesty. I sincerely hope that such a result will follow from the adoption of the measure; but I confess I very much doubt it—("Hear, hear," from the Opposition). But, putting that out of the question, I believe that, looking at all the circumstances of the case—looking at the advantages held out to the soldier, in the rewards for good conduct given after five, ten, fifteen, and twenty years of service—the army will suffer no injury from the measure, and that the soldiers will re-enlist at the end of ten years service—(Cheers). That being my opinion, I requested the noble lord at the head of the Government and the Secretary at War to insert in the Mutiny Bill and into the present measure a clause to enable men to re-enlist at the end of ten years. I believe that, under the circumstances, they will re-enlist. I, therefore, have no objection to try again the measure of limited enlistment, and I entreat your lordships to adopt the measure—(Hear, hear).

"It is my firm belief that this measure will make no difference in respect of the number of old soldiers in the army. It is quite clear, from the statement of the noble earl, that the soldier who re-enlists will, at the expiration of his second period of service, that is to say, twenty years, if he be a well-conducted man, be entitled to the accumulation of good-conduct rewards amounting to 4d. a day, as well as to the present pension of 6d. a day, making altogether 10d. per day; and, if the proposition adverted to by the noble earl be adopted, and the pension fixed at 8d. instead of 6d., the soldier would, in that case, be entitled to 1s. per day, which was the amount of the retiring allowance established in 1806. The soldier will also be entitled to another advantage—if well behaved he will, at the end of twenty years, receive a bounty of L5.

Then there are the various advantages held out to non-commissioned officers as well as good-conduct allowances after having served the number of years specified. The prospect of becoming a non-commissioned officer will be another inducement to the soldiers to continue in the service. I maintain that, in consequence of these rewards for good conduct, men will acquire the habits and qualifications which are the characteristics of good soldiers and become much attached to the profession in which they enjoy so much comfort; and knowing the advantage which they will eventually obtain—an advantage which is possessed by no man in any other walk of life—they will be desirous of reenlisting and remaining in the army. All I desire is, that they should so remain, and give their country the benefit of their services during the whole period for which they are capable of serving. I do not desire this for the sake of the commanding officers. I know that commanding officers are naturally anxious to have old soldiers in their regiments instead of young men; but I do not take their wishes into consideration; I desire it for the sake of the public service—(Cheers).

"For the reasons which I have stated, I think your lordships will run no risk of injuring the army by adopting this bill, more particularly if the Government should make the pension for good service equal in amount to that fixed by the act of 1806. My noble friend referred to the inconvenience which was experienced under the act of 1806, in consequence of the men receiving their discharge at the expiration of the first period of service, which, I think, was in 1813. I recollect there was some inconvenience of that nature, but it was met as the British army would always meet any inconvenience to which it might be exposed. The great thing is to secure the service of the men; and, if we succeed in doing that, I do not care much for the inconvenience which may arise. It is true, as my noble friend has stated, that expense will be incurred in bringing the men home from distant colonies. That cannot be helped; the troops must be brought home at any cost. It is a great hardship upon regiments to be kept abroad, as they are now, for twenty, twenty-five, or twenty-six years.

"Many persons think that the present measure will greatly improve the service. As I before said, I hope that will be the result, though I am not so sanguine as to expect it. All that I can say is, that I shall do my best to carry the measure into execution and to see it fairly adopted; and, being convinced that it can be adopted without the risk of losing the services of the old soldiers of the army, and being certain that it is the wish of her Majesty's Ministers, as it is mine, to retain the old soldiers in the army, I earnestly recommend your lordships to let this measure pass.

"The noble earl as referred to two other questions, namely, the question relating to pensioners, and the question relating to punishments. With respect to the pensioners, I beg to warn the noble earl, and I beg to warn your lordships, against the belief that the old soldiers who are in the way of receiving pensions are at all to be compared with the veterans of whom I have been talking. These veterans are the leaders of their regiments—they are the mainstay of the service. The pensioners may be very good men; they may do very well when embodied in another form, or even when embodied with those veterans; but they are not the men of whom I have been talking, who are the heart, and soul, and courage, and life of a regiment. My opinion is, that you will not lose these men by the measure you are now called upon to adopt. My opinion is, that these men will re-enlist; I have no doubt that they will be induced to do so by the advantages held out to them.

"I entirely agree with the noble earl in the observations he made relative to punishments. I sincerely wish that circumstances may enable us to diminish corporal punishment still more, and that at length it may be entirely superseded. The Mutiny Bill which was lately passed contains another measure, with the view of enabling the officers of the army to do without corporal punishment. The Mutiny Bill authorises the officers to commute sentences, which they are enabled to inflict. I have no doubt that use will be made of that authority, in order still further to diminish the amount of corporal punishment. I hope it will be found to have been still further diminished when the return is laid before Parliament; and that finally, we may be enabled to put an end altogether to a punishment which is so much in opposition to the feelings of the country.—(Cheers.)

"My opinion is that that punishment or any other punishment has nothing to do with the question of limited or unlimited enlistment. That which affects the character of the army is the hardship of the service, the regularity of the discipline, the necessary severity of the discipline, the hardships which the men are obliged to undergo in long service in our colonies abroad,—it is these things which affect the popularity of the army. Punishment has not the smallest effect upon it. What I want to see is good conduct prevail by means of those inducements which produce good conduct among other classes of society—not by punishment, not by fear, but by good treatment and justice—(Cheers). I believe that these effects can be produced. I believe that the system of education established by her Majesty's Government will have a great effect in inducing that good conduct, and in rendering the soldier aware of the superior benefits he enjoys compared with other classes of men in the same ranks of life. I do not believe that the measure will have the effect apprehended from it by my noble friend (Lord Combermere), namely, the removal of the old soldier; and therefore I entreat your lordships to adopt it.—(Cheers)."

Their lordships divided. The numbers were—Contents: present 64, proxies 44 = 108; non-contents; present 53, proxies 41 = 94: majority in favour of the bill, 14.

EDUCATION.—MR. MACAULAY'S SPEECH.

House of Commons, April 26.

Mr. MACAULAY said, I hold that it is the right and duty of the state to provide for the education of the common people. (Hear, hear.) I conceive the arguments by which this position may be proved are perfectly simple, perfectly obvious, and the most cogent possible. For what ends was Government instituted, is a question on which the most ingenious men have differed; some hold that it is the duty of a Government to meddle with the whole system of human life, that it should regulate the operations of trade by prohibitions, expense by sumptuary laws, literature by a censorship, and religion by penal statutes. Others have gone to the opposite extreme, and have cut down the province of a Government to what I think is too narrow a limit. But it is quite unnecessary on the present occasion to go into any of these controversial points; for on one point we are all agreed; I say that all are agreed that it is the sacred duty of every Government to take effectual measures for securing the person and property of the community; and that the Government which neglects that duty is unfit for its situation. This being once admitted, I ask, can it be not deemed that the education of the common people is the most effectual means of protecting persons and property? (Hear, hear.) On that subject I cannot refer to higher authority, or use more strong terms, than have been employed by Adam Smith; and I take his authority the more readily, because he is not very friendly to state interference, and almost

on the same page as that I refer to, he declares that the state ought not to meddle with the education of the higher orders. But he distinctly says that there is a difference, particularly in a highly civilized and commercial community, between the education of the higher classes and the education of the poor. The education of the poor he pronounces to be a matter in which Government is most deeply concerned; and he compares ignorance, spread through the lower classes, neglected by the state, to a leprosy, or some other fearful disease, (hear, hear,) and says that where this duty is neglected, the state is in danger of falling into the most frightful disorder. He had scarcely written this than the axiom was fearfully illustrated in the riots of 1780.

I do not know if from all history I could select a stronger instance of my position, when I say that ignorance makes the persons and property of the community unsafe, and that the government is bound to take measures to prevent that ignorance. On that occasion what was the state of things? Without any shadow of a grievance, at the summons of a madman, 100,000 men rising in insurrection—a week of anarchy—Parliament besieged—your predecessor, Sir, trembling in the chair—the lords pulled out of their coaches—the bishops flying over the tiles (a laugh)—not a sight, I trust, that would be pleasurable even to those who are now so unfavourable to the church of England—36 fires blazing at once in London—the house of the Chief Justice sacked—the Children of the Prime Minister taken out of their beds in their night clothes, and laid on the table of the Horse Guards—and all this the effect of nothing but the gross, brutish ignorance of the population, who had been left brutes in the midst of Christianity, savages in the midst of civilization. (Hear, hear.) Nor is this the only occasion when similar results have followed from the same cause.

To this cause are attributable all the outrages of the Bristol and Nottingham riots, and all the misdeeds of General Rock and Captain Swing; incendiary fires in some districts, and in others riots against machinery, tending more than anything else to degrade men to the level of the animals. Could it have been supposed that all this could have taken place in a community were even the common labourer to have his mind opened by education, and be taught to find his pleasure in the exercise of his intellect, taught to revere his Maker, taught to regard his fellow-creatures with kindness, and taught likewise to feel respect for legitimate authority, taught how to pursue redress of real wrong by constitutional methods? (Cheers.) This seems to me an irresistible argument on this subject,—that it is the clear duty of a Government to protect the lives and property of the community, and that the gross ignorance of the multitude produces danger to the lives and property of the community; and, therefore, I am at a loss to conceive how, on the very lowest view of the duties of Government, it can be contended that education is not the province of Government.

What is the alternative? It is granted that Government must protect life and property from spoliation. By some means it must do this. If you take away education as a means, what do you leave? Why, means which inflict an immense amount of misery, and appeal only to the lowest parts of human nature? Take away education, and what are your means? Military force, prisons, solitary cells, penal colonies, gibbets; all the other apparatus of penal laws. If, then, there be an end which Government is bound to attain,—if there are two ways only of attaining it,—if one of those ways is by elevating the moral and intellectual character of the people, and if the other way is by inflicting pain, who can doubt which way every Government ought to take? (Hear, hear.) It seems to me that no proposition can be more strange than this—that the state ought to have power to punish, and is bound to punish its subjects for not knowing their duty, but, at the same time, is to take no step to let them know what their duty is. (Hear, hear.) In my opinion, it would seem much less paradoxical to say that no power can be justified in punishing these whom it neglects to teach. Can we see without shame, and something like remorse, that many of those who, in our time, have been executed in this country for capital crimes, might now have been in life and perhaps useful members of society; that more than half of those who are now in our gaols might have been free and at liberty; that more than half of those who are now in penal colonies might have been honourably and usefully employed on their native soil, if the state had expended in education what they expended in inflicting misery on rogues? (Cheers.)

Sir, looking over the very first report which was presented to the Committee of the Privy Council for Education, and which came from the district of Newport, being framed just after that frantic insurrection of which I do not need to remind the house. I found that, according to that report, it appeared there were about 11,000 children in that district at an age when they ought to have been receiving education, but that of those about 8,000 attended no school, and that a great many of those who did might as well have stayed away for anything useful that they were taught; that the apparatus of instruction was most faulty—that the masters were some of them ruined tradesmen, some of them discarded miners, &c.—men whose sole qualification for tuition was that they were utterly disqualified for any other pursuit. (Hear, hear.) Then, can it be doubted that a population which is reared in such a state listens readily to the bad man who excites it to rise against constituted authority? What means must be adopted, is then the question. What but arms?—for having neglected the best mode you are left to take the only means that remain to you. It is no choice; it is a necessity. But can any necessity be more cruel than to be obliged to shed the blood of those people who would never probably have listened to the incentives to crime if the state had done its duty in educating them properly?

I say, then, that not only is education the province of Government, because it is an efficacious means of obtaining an acknowledged end—an end which all admit to be an end at which every Government ought to aim; but because it is the most humane and the best means of attaining that end; and, Sir, I am fortified in that opinion when I remember that it has also been the opinion of the wisest legislators and philosophers there including whose opinions leant most towards restricting the functions of Government; when I recollect that it has been also the opinion of all the champions of civil and religious liberty, and of none more than those who have ever been held in the greatest reverence by the Protestant Nonconformists of England, and if any men have ever deserved to be held in reverence by the Protestant Nonconformists of England, it would be those men who, with unconquerable principles, in the days of Archbishop Laud, left this country for the wilderness, where they might enjoy a pure liberty and a free worship,—to those great and religious men who were the founders of the state of Massachusetts, it appeared to be nothing so sinful, nothing so contrary to civil and religious liberty that the state should take charge of the education of the common people. One of the ordinances passed in that country in 1641, in its preamble, recites that the education of the people was a matter of the deepest interest to the community, and it places the education of youth under the care of the state.

Sir, I have a peculiar pleasure in referring to America in support of my views, because those who so loudly advocate the voluntary principle in education, as in religion, constantly turn to America as an example in point. But what is the practice in America, and what are the opinions of all the most eminent men who have appeared in that country? "Educate the people by means of state interference," was the last legacy of Washington to the people of the United States. "Educate the people," was the constant language of Jefferson. I put his testimony very high, because of all the eminent men who ever appeared in this world, he was the one whose inclination most tended to tear down the function of Government to the lowest point, and to prevent it as much as possible from interfering with the people, and yet the latter part of his life was passed in a constant struggle to introduce a system of popular education, conducted under Government superintendence, into the state of Virginia.

Have we then anything to set against this vast and concurrent testimony of great minds in all ages, except a clamour which dates from the year 1846 (hear)—a clamour in which those who raise it condemn not only all that they formerly professed to revere, but condemn even themselves? To be sure, Sir, this new theory of Government, if it have no other merit, may claim that of originality. It seems to me to run thus,—all men have hitherto mistaken the functions of Government; Government is the great hangman of the age; the business of Government is to do nothing for the repression of crime among its subjects, except by harsh and degrading means; and from the employment of all means towards that end which operate by elevating the intellectual and moral nature of man, Government is excluded; its functions are to deter from crime by means of such sentiments as can be inspired by physical force; that is the statesman's duty: he may see the population multiplied, and see the numbers of those who live within the temptations to crime expand in proportion, and although he knows perfectly well that on the state of the population, as regards its moral and intellectual advancement, the destinies of the country may eventually come to depend, he is not to mind that; he is not to undertake to advance the spread of intelligence among the townpeople; if they break out in riots or insurrection, he may send down his troops and his ordnance to mow down those who violate the duties he has never taught them; and it is the same with the rural population; even if they grow up as uncouth and as ignorant as the inhabitants of New Guinea, so that there may be at any time great risk of a *jacquerie*,—no matter, he must wait till the incendiary fires begin to blaze through the country, as they did in the autumn of 1830 and the spring of 1831, it is on them he must begin to move. (Hear, hear.) In the same way, if he sees the seminaries of crime opening on every side, for the vitiation and ruin of the younger part of the population, he must sit with arms folded, and look on without interfering, until that education ripens into acts; and though he must know that, if means of instruction were opened to them, a great proportion would probably be turned away to better arms and more wholesome pursuits, he must not interpose, but must see grow up into the canker of the state that youth which might have been its strength and its power, as if it were thought that by stopping the blessings of a practical education they were making men rise to the enjoyment of human liberty. (Hear, hear.) That is the way in which the new theory presents itself to my mind, and certainly it is difficult to understand how men who are endowed with great abilities, and who exert great interest, can have become attached to so strange a theory.

The only explanation which occurs to my mind is, that I believe this to be an instance of the operation of the law of reaction. There has been a great contest with the Government on matters of trade; men's passions have been much excited, and it is said by the advocates of non-interference and of free competition, and by men of great ability and of excellent intentions, that as they have driven the Government from the contest in a province which did not belong to it, they will continue the contest till they have driven the Government from a province which is its legitimate domain; and, because the beneficial operation of the principle of non-interference and of free competition in matters of trade has succeeded, they say, "Recollect what that principle has done, and let us trust to it." * * * Let me take some evidence on this point which no one will dispute. Probably all the members of this house will know the important position which the Congregational Union holds among the Nonconformist. On May 16, 1846, there is a report of the committee of the Congregational Union on the subject of general education which was made to the union, and the mover of that report adopted its principle. That motion was made by Mr. Edward Baines, jun., and what I am about to read, therefore, cannot be considered as representing any mean opinion. (Hear, hear.) I find it said, "If it were necessary to disclose facts to such an assembly as this, as to the ignorance and debasement of the neglected portions of our population in towns and rural districts, both adult and juvenile, it could easily be done. Private information communicated to the board, personal observation and investigation of various localities, with the published documents of the Registrar-General, and the reports of the state of prisons in England and Wales, published by order of the House of Commons, would furnish enough to make us modest in speaking of what has been done for the humbler classes, and make us ashamed that England—the sons of the soil of England—should have been so long neglected, and should present to the enlightened traveller from other shores such a sad spectacle of neglected cultivation, lost mental power, and spiritual degradation." (Cheers.) That statement perfectly agrees with all the information I have been able to obtain. I do believe that the state of education among the common people of this country ought to make us ashamed, and that we should present a sad spectacle to any foreigner visiting our shores.

Under these circumstances, what is said? We are told that the principle of non-interference and of free competition will be as powerful as stimulus to education as it is to trade. Why, this morning I received a paper containing reasons for opposing the present grant; and it is said, that if we only wait with patience, the principle of free competition will do all that is necessary for education. (Cheers.) How long are we to wait? Are we to wait till 2,847, or till 3,847? Will you wait longer? Can you say that the experiment which has been tried with no little effect, has been tried under unfavourable circumstances; has it been tried on a small scale, or for a short period. You can say none of these things: and I defy you to show that you ought to apply to education the principle of free competition. That principle is not applicable. As the south of this island has furnished me with one argument, so the north will furnish me with another. We see there a people of ancient lineage, sprung from the same blood, and speaking with some slight diversities the same language; who separated themselves from the see of Rome at the same great emancipation of the human mind: united under one Sovereign; joining in a series of revolts; and then united in one Legislature and nation striving for the good and welfare of both. Yet there is one great difference. England for many ages has been the richest and the most prosperous among the civilized countries of the world, whilst all men know that Scotland has been almost at the bottom, if not quite at the bottom, of nations that have known civilization. It is known that 150 or 200 years ago the names of Scotland and Scotchmen were words uttered with contempt, and that great statesmen and patriots looked with despair on the state of the lower orders. We have already heard this session of Fletcher of Saltoun. It was at the end of the 17th century that Fletcher of Saltoun, a brave and able man, was so overwhelmed with the spectacle of misery his country presented, that he actually published a pamphlet, in which he proposed the institution of personal slavery in Scotland as the only way to compel the common people to work. Within two months after the appearance of the pamphlet of Fletcher, the parliament of Scotland passed an act for the settlement of schools. Has the whole world given us such an instance of improvement as that which took place at the beginning of the 18th century? In a short time, in spite of the inclemency of the air and the sterility of the soil, Scotland became a country which had no reason to envy any part of the world, however richly gifted by nature; and remember that Scotchmen did this, and that wherever a Scotchman went, and there were few places he did not go to, (a laugh) he carried with him signs of the moral and intellectual cultivation he had received. If he had a shop he had the best trade in the street; if he enlisted in the army he soon became a non-commissioned officer. (Hear, hear.) Not that the Scotchman changed; there was no change in the man, for a hundred years before when Scotchmen of the lower classes were spoken of as the Esquimaux: but such was the difference when this system of state education had been in force for only one generation, the language of contempt was at an end and that of envy succeeded. Then the complaint was, that wherever the Scotchman came he got more than his share; that when he mixed with English and Irishmen, he seemed to rise as regularly as oil rises on water.

Now was this a perfect system of state education? Very far from it. It was open to very grave objections as to its impartiality between different religious persuasions. The system was open, too, to many other objections which it is not necessary to particularize; but under this system of state education, whatever were its defects, Scotland rose and prospered to such a degree that I do not believe a single person, even of those who most loudly proclaim their abhorrence of state education, would venture to say that Scotland would have become the free civilized country it is if the education of her people had been left to free competition without interference on the part of the state. (Hear, hear.) Then how does this argument stand? I doubt whether it be possible to find, if there be any meaning in the science of education as applied to politics, any instance of an experiment tried so fully and so fairly, tried with all the conditions which Lord Bacon has laid down in his *Novum Organum*, and of which the result was so evident. Observe, you take these two countries so closely resembling each other in many particulars—in one of these two countries, by far the richer of the two, and better able to get on with free competition, you have free competition, and what is the result? The Congregational Union tell you that it is a result, indeed, to make us ashamed, and every enlightened foreigner who comes amongst us sad. In the other country, little favoured by nature, you find a system of state education—not a perfect one, but still an efficient one—and the result is an evident and rapid improvement in the moral and intellectual character of the people, and a consequent improvement in security and prosperity such as was hardly ever seen before in the world. (Hear.) If this had been the case in surgery or in chemistry, and such experiments or results had been laid before you, would it be possible for you not to see which was the wrong course and which the right? These arguments have most fully convinced me of a truth which I shall not shrink from proclaiming in the face of any clamour that may be raised against it,—that it is the duty of the state to educate the common people.

"The argument is, that if free competition is excellent in matters of trade, the same principle must be excellent also in the education of the people. If it be a sound principle for the supply of corn, it must be a sound principle also for the supply of schools. But, Sir, I must say that no one analogy could possibly be more false. The consequences of the principle of free competition are excellent in matters of trade. There is no doubt that the grocer supplies sugar to his customers of a better quality and at a more reasonable price than if the Government were to turn grocer and to open a shop in every parish. It is because the individual grocer has a strong personal interest that he can benefit the public, and, at the same time, advance his own welfare more than the Government can possibly do. If the grocer, who supplies the sugar which the people want, sells it at a price far beyond what is asked by his rivals, or if he supplies sugar of a worse quality, he will be ruined, he will have no customers, and he will find himself in the Gazette and his children in the work-house; but if he supplies good sugar, if he is attentive to his customers, if he is civil, and if he sells at a reasonable price, he becomes rich, and may look forward to his country house and his carriage; and that is the reason why the principle of free competition in the supply of articles of consumption is good.

But what parallel is there between the two cases? (Hear, hear). What class of men have the same strong and pressing interest in supplying the people with good schools as the grocer to supply the people with good sugar? True it is that some benevolent persons, contribute—some their money and some their time—to the education of the people, and in many places it is said that the existing competition does great good. But do not be deceived by words. Do not think that this competition is any thing like the fierce competition which is evoked by the desire of wealth or by the dread of ruin. Is it not a great error to suppose that the competition of men for the good of others can have the strength and potency of the competition to secure wealth for themselves? (Cheers.) You would not say that the state of competition among benevolent persons for the relief of poor in England is so great in various ways that you would abolish the poor-rates because this benevolent competition would give more to the poor than the poor-rates? (Cheers.) Yet it is hard to conceive that, if the argument be good for education, it is not good also in the case of the poor-rates.

Reasoning *a priori*, the principle of free competition is not sufficient of itself, and cannot supply a good education. Let us look at the facts. What is the existing state in England? There has, for years, been nothing except the principle of non-interference. If, therefore, the principle of free competition were in reality a principle of the same potency in education as we all admit it to be in matters of trade, we ought to see education as prosperous under this system of free competition as trade itself is. If we could by possibility have had the principle of free competition fairly tried in any country it would be in our own. It has been tried for a long time with perfect liberty in the richest country under the heavens, and where the people are not unfriendly to it. If the principle of free competition could show itself sufficient it ought to be here; our schools ought to be the models of common schools; each ought to have its excellent little library, and its mechanical apparatus; and, instead of there being such a thing as a grown person being unable to read or write, such an individual ought to be one at whom the people would stare, and who should be noted in the newspapers; whilst the schoolmaster ought to be as well acquainted with his important duties as the cutler with knives, or the engineer with machinery; moreover, he ought to be amply remunerated, (cheers) and the highest respect of the public ought to be extended to him.

Now, is this the truth? Look at the charges of the judges, at the resolutions of the grand juries, and at the reports made to every public department that has anything to do with education. Some facts have been adduced by my noble friend; many more might be referred to. Take the reports of the Inspectors of Prisons. In Hertford House of Correction, out of 700 prisoners, about half were unable to read, and only eight were, unable to read and write well. In Maidstone gaol, out of 8,000 prisoners, 1300 were unable to read, and only 50 were able to read and write well. In Coldbath-field's out of 8000 it is not said that one could read or write well. If we turn from the reports of the Inspectors of Prisons to the registrars of marriages, we find there were nearly 130,000 couples married in the year 1844, and of those more than 60,000 of the brides could not sign their names, but made their marks. Therefore, one-third of the men and one-half of the women, who are supposed to be in the prime of life, and who are destined to be the parents of the next generation, (hear, hear) cannot sign their names. What does this imply? The most grievous want of education, for many of the remainder, who have been able to sign their names, may have received an education which has has had little operation on the mind; [cheers] such an education as a large part of these who are now receiving the general education. How many of the day-schools are nothing more than a dirty room, with a heap of fuel on one side and a brood of chickens on the other, where the only instruments for instruction were a dog's-eared spelling book and a broken slate? (Hear, hear.] And as for the masters—men who ought to deserve and to receive all honour, and deference and encouragement, as well upon principle as from their high station, being men who have first educated themselves and are then to educate those who are to come afterwards; how many of these men are now the refuse of other callings,—discarded servants, or ruined tradesmen; who cannot do a sum of three, who would not be able to write a common letter, who do not know whether the earth is a cube or a sphere, and cannot tell whether Jerusalem is in Asia or America; whom no gentleman would trust with the key of his cellar, and no tradesman would send of a message? Yet such are the men to whom you must trust the mind of the rising generation, on whom the prosperity and the future eminence of this great country will depend.—(Cheers.)

MARRIED, on Thursday morning, at Grace Church, by the Rev Dr. Taylor, HENRY ANTHONY WALDBURY, second son of Anthony Barclay, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, to CORNELIA SMYTH, daughter of Walter Cochrane, Esq.

On the 15th May, at Woodstock, U. C., by the Rev. Wm Betridge. M. A., Rector, THOS. J. GOTTLE, Esq., late of Nevis. W. I. and of Altadore, near Woodstock, to LETITIA PHILLIPS, third daughter of Captain P. Graham, R. N.

DIED, on the 23d May, at his late residence at Saugerties, on the Hudson River, THEODORE BARRELL, Esq., born in Boston, 1771, a native of Boston, but for many years a resident of British Guiana and the West Indies.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 107 a 107 1-4.

THE ALBION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1847.

STATE OF PARTIES IN ENGLAND.

In our last impression we expressed an opinion that Lord John Russell was rising in public favour—that his policy was not now, as formerly, marked by ultra whig and radical doctrines;—that on the contrary his acts were growing more conservative, and that popular opinion was in consequence coalescing around him. Since then we have perused an article in that clever and conservative periodical, *Fraser's Magazine*, headed "Measures not Men," which in a great degree confirms what we have asserted. Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, and a few others who constitute the small section, now called the "Peel party," are too powerless in point of numbers to effect any important measure, and they are, moreover, out of favour with the conservatives. The conservatives, we think, will never trust SirRobert Peel again, and as they have no intention at present of wresting the power from the hands of those who hold it, they are inclined to give Lord John a fair trial. In proportion then as Lord John Russell pursues a course of moderation and good sense, in the same proportion will he receive the support of the great conservative body.

But in saying this we do not mean to imply that the conservatives are about to adopt the present Premier as their political leader—far from it. A new Parliament, which will be elected in the course of a few months, may give a different cast to parties. It may strengthen or it may weaken the conservatives; but, in our opinion, that party will receive the best support which has for its leading object the general welfare and advancement of the country. There is no great question now dividing the public mind, and no party has at this time any potent rallying cry to carry with them to the polls; good and moderate men will, therefore, have their weight at the hustings, and they will in the new Parliament give their support to that minister who can win their confidence. The issue of the next election may give to the conservatives the preponderance in the House of Commons, and in that case they will of course again assume the lead; but it is not impossible that we may see them come into the new house as a great and powerful, but not preponderating party. In that case Lord John Russell would receive the support of that party to the extent that he showed himself deserving of it.

Sr Robert Peel has not augmented his strength by being out of office. It is true that he bids higher for the greasy hands and noisy throats of the mob than Lord John Russell—but he has done nothing to retrieve himself in the estimation of that great and noble party which he betrayed. He seems to keep himself a tide or two ahead of the present whig leader, and appears to be verifying the prediction of Fergus O'Connor, that he would ultimately become a chartist. But let Sir Robert Peel become what he may, either really or professedly he will never be at the head of any large Radical party. He will never be recognized as an integral part of radicalism, because radicals rarely forgive those who have been actively opposed to them. A change may certainly come over

the face of things; a severe or dangerous money crisis, and a manifested incompetency on the part of the whigs to meet it, might induce the country in its hour of distress to turn towards the reputed superior financial tactics of the late Premier; but, at present, both he and those few who cling to him, are cast into a sort of outer darkness in the regions of political strife.

There can be no doubt that the feelings of the people of Great Britain are those of moderate conservatism. They will maintain the monarchy and the existing order of things, but they will not turn away from those necessary changes and salutary improvements which time and the progress of events show to be necessary, and which can be effected with safety to the crown and honour to the people. If Lord John Russell will take this kind of policy for his guide; if he will abandon the objectionable doctrines of the ultra whigs, and look solely to the good of the country and not the aggrandizement of his party, he will receive a strong and solid support. But should he on the contrary hereafter, presuming on the security of his position, attempt to disturb the present system of representation, to render still more democratic the corporations, to assail the property and discipline of the Church, to talk of the ballot, universal suffrage, or any organic and fatal changes—his reign will, indeed, be short, for the conservative people of England will rise in their might and assuredly overthrow him. His fate is therefore in his own hands—let him deal with it wisely.

There is no danger of a relapse into the tyranny of the ages which have passed—the world is not going backward. The car of liberty requires no additional impulse—but rather demands to be moderated and regulated in its course. Its speed had better be slow than too impetuous. Such is the opinion of the thinking portion of the people of England, and the Minister who best conforms to this opinion will gain their favour and carry with him their suffrages.

Canada.—The Earl of Elgin has made, among other appointments that of John A. Macdonald to the office of Receiver General, a gentleman of loyal and British feelings, and in other respects well qualified for the important trust confided in him. He succeeds the Hon. Mr. Morris.

We trust that the other vacancies will be filled with equal judgment, in fact the refusal of the opposition party to take a share in the Government of the country, throws his excellency on the conservative body for recruiting his council. If the French Canadians complain of this, they should recollect that they alone are to blame, since they have refused every overture that was made to them. They have missed a glorious opportunity for coming honourably into the service of their country; they were invited to take part in the Government, and to assume their legitimate position, by a Governor who came among them with the *prestige* of high and enlightened sentiments, and success in Government elsewhere. With him they had had no political differences, and against him they had no personal feelings, and he met them, moreover, on the threshhold of negotiation with the most liberal overtures. Surely, then, if they are still out of office, it is a dilemma of their own seeking.

But what is now the duty of the Governor General and the loyal party? Their course we apprehend is clearly marked and well defined. It is the duty of the one to seek, and of the other to give its support to the government; but the government so supported must be loyal to the crown and faithful to the people who give that support. There must be no more pandering to traitors and rebels; loyal subjects must not be thrust out of office to make room for those who are disloyal. The government must know its friends from its enemies, and bear in mind that for one enemy bought over, two friends are sold to pay for him. Sir Charles Bagot was guilty of this deplorable folly, and the country might still have been in the Slough of Despond into which he cast it, had not a man like the lamented Lord Metcalfe come to its rescue. For the hundredth time let us enter our protest against the miserable infatuation, that the colonies are only to be held by offering incense to radical and disaffected leaders. The bulk of the colonists are eminently loyal and firmly attached to British connexion; and if their confidence even for a moment swerves from the polar star of the meteor flag of England, it is because a want of confidence in them has been first manifested by the government at home, or by some silly representative sent out to them. Let the deities at the Colonial office bear in mind, and let them remember when sending out their minor gods that they be true and not false ones.

We have said that the people of the Colonies are pre-eminently loyal and firmly and affectionately attached to the noble home of their fathers. They pride themselves on being an integral portion of that great empire on whose dominions the sun never sets. They drink from their earliest youth the inspiring draught of British liberty and patriotism. They have the fullest confidence in the potent influence of that glorious flag which for a thousand years has "braved the battle and the breeze;" they claim their share of its powers, invoke its aid and repose under its shadows. They inherit from England her learning, her laws and her liberties, and these they will not readily cast away—but they claim from England also, her love and *confidence*. They will not bear to be suspected, or to be told they are disloyal, when they have given so many proofs to the contrary.

If there were a rebellion in Upper Canada to-morrow, and the country possessed a governor who confided in the people, and knew how to draw forth their loyalty, the population, *en masse*, would rush to arms and save their country even without the aid of a single soldier, as was done on the former occasion. Let the Queen's name and the honour of England be confided to their custody, and they would be safe. The same is equally true as respects Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the other provinces. Why will not the French Canadians let us say the same of them? How long will they yet cherish the phantom of exclusive nationality? Why do they persist in remaining without the pale of the British social system and refuse the proffered hand of their British brethren?

The Army Enlistment Bill.—We give to-day a short sketch of the debate in the House of Lords on this subject, which includes the remarks of the Duke of Wellington *in full*. The opinion of this truly great man was anxiously looked for by the country, and it is quite satisfactory to know—as the Bill will in all probability pass—that that opinion was not adverse to the measure. His grace is, as is natural that he should be, fully alive to the advantage of having a full supply of old soldiers in the different regiments, and although he does not anticipate the heaven-born effects from the Bill which its advocates indulge in, he nevertheless thinks it will not be attended with mischief. No doubt many of the men will re-enlist, especially if the recommendation of the Duke of Richmond be adopted—that of raising the soldier's pension to one shilling sterling a-day at the end of twenty years service. This prospect of ultimate reward, and so far the promise of land, if discharged in a colony, will, we question not, keep the ranks of the British army full.

The reader will not fail to observe that although the Duke of Wellington appeared on the ministerial Benches, and gave his adhesion to and vote for the Bill, it was carried by a majority of only 14, a sufficient proof of the conservative strength still left in the House of Lords.

*** We have received files of the *Nassau Guardian*, but our limits oblige us to postpone any extracts till next week. His Excellency Governor Mathew, after prorogueing the Legislature, sailed for the United States on his way to England, as mentioned in a former paper. The speech of his Excellency on that occasion was highly interesting and important, describing the measures that had been adopted in the course of the session. The Guardian also contains addresses from both branches of the Legislature to Governor Mathew, couched in the most complimentary terms of approval of his public measures, and uttering the warmest expressions towards him personally. We shall certainly copy these addresses next week.

*** We need scarcely direct attention to the Speech of Mr. Macaulay, on the Education question. It is a fine specimen of Parliamentary eloquence, and as *liberal* as the most fastidious can desire.

*** The Bermuda Legislature is in session. His Excellency Captain Elliot seems full of zeal for the welfare of the colony, but we must defer extracts until our next.

From Mexico we have little additional news. Gen. Scott is on his march to Mexico, and has issued a proclamation to the Mexicans, showing up Santa Anna, and proving his ingratitude to the government of the United States, which permitted him when in exile to return to his country. It is repeated that a general *guerilla* system is preparing, which promises to give much trouble to the American troops, but as yet little has been done in this species of national defence.

The Right Hon. Richard Packenham, her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, arrived at the City Hotel a day or two since, and shortly departs for Canada and the Lower Provinces preparatory to a visit to England.

The Keans.—We regret that the ill-health of Mrs. Charles Kean has obliged those distinguished performers to cut short their engagements in this country and return to England, although we trust their absence will not be of long duration. They have, we understand, an engagement at the Haymarket for twenty nights, at £50 per night; and an engagement at Manchester of the same tenor for ten nights. We hope the good effects of the sea voyage will enable the fair artist to resume her profession without delay.

Herr Alexander.—This celebrated magician has just completed a successful engagement in Havana, and has returned to the city *en route* for the Canadas, where he will doubtless receive as warm a reception as greeted him on his first visit to the provinces. Herr Alexander stands unrivalled on this continent for his wonderful feats.

The Emigrants.—Much uneasiness is felt on account of the prevalence of typhus fever at Bellevue, and among many of the Emigrants who have lately arrived. It is hardly fair that ships should arrive in New York after a month's voyage across the Atlantic, with such a disease on board; and its existence under such circumstances argues a want of room, want of wholesome provisions, or a want of proper attention to cleanliness and ventilation while on board. Every man-of-war would breed typhus if any one of these causes were permitted to exist to any extent.

But as it is certain that vessels do arrive under such circumstances, it is proper to pay attention to two remedies. First, to restore the sick to health by all possible means: and, secondly, to prevent the disease from being disseminated among the inhabitants of the city.

To meet these ends we should advise the occupation of Coney Island, and the passengers, if not the crews of all infected ships that shall arrive, be there landed, and retained until it is safe to permit them to depart. Upon this island there is ample room, uninterrupted fresh air at all hours of the day and night, as well as sea bathing. The refreshing and purifying effects of these sanatory means, even to the healthy, are known to every one; and the physician need not be reminded of the excellent effect of fresh air and cold affusion in cases of typhus. The insular position of the spot we allude to, will prevent the escape of any one without permission of the proper authorities who may be placed there to restrain them, and the city will be rendered safe from infection.

There are few or no buildings in this island, but we do not regard that as of any consequence, as the advanced state of the season admits of a residence under canvas. Tents and marquees to any amount can be easily erected, which afford sufficient shelter to the strong, while a wooden structure might be run up for an hospital, if deemed necessary. Provisions, medicines, and medical, attendance could be easily sent thither, and the cost would be, comparatively speaking, trivial. By these means the three ends—of humanity, public safety, and economy—would be effectually provided for.

NEW WORKS.

Hill Side and Border Sketches: with Legends of the Cheviots and the Lammermuir. By W. H. Maxwell, author of Hector O'Halloran, Wild Sports of the West, Stories of Waterloo, &c. New York, D. Appleton & Co. This graphic and entertaining volume, from the pen of the gallant and veteran Col. Maxwell, forms the fifth number of Appleton's Library of Popular Reading, and very appropriately makes its appearance in the travelling season, when works of this character become the necessary appendage of tourists and pleasure seekers. The author has selected an interesting region for illustration, and his personal adventures are told in a quaint and humorous style, now so familiar to all who have read his former excellent productions. The legends and stories, interwoven with the personal narrative, lend additional interest to the volume, and will render it a choice travelling companion to every reader.

Piquillo Alliaga; or the Moors under Philip the Third of Spain. An historican romance by Eugene Scribe. Published by Richards & Co., 30 Ann street, New York. A romance from the pen of the most successful dramatist of the day is sure to find a host of readers. Scribe has selected one of the most interesting periods of Spanish history as the groundwork of his fiction. The effect of the harsh decrees of Philip III. against the conquered Moors of Spain, and the severities exercised by the Church towards this persecuted race, are most graphically depicted by the author. The work will be exceeding popular with all lovers of fiction.

1844; or the Power of the "S. F." A tale developing the secret action of parties during the presidential campaign of 1844, by Thomas Dunn English. New York, Burgess, Stringer & Co., Wm. H. Graham, Long & Brother, J. A. Tuttle & Co., George Dexter. This popular work appeared in a serial form in the pages of the New York Mirror, and acquired a wide-spread celebrity, not only from its local interest, but from the vigour of its style and the faithfulness of its political details, and its graphic delineation of well-known characters. It is now incorporated into the book form for the convenience of preservation.

A Summer in the Wilderness, embracing a Canoe Voyage up the Mississippi and Lake Superior. By Charles Lanman. No. 28 Appletons' Literary Miscellany. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Another issue by the Appletons of a work peculiarly adapted to the season. Mr. Lanman's tour will be found by our readers to be deeply interesting. He transports us into the very heart of Indian life in the Wilderness. The camp and the Wigwam; the hunting ground and the skirmish; the foray and the chase, are all depicted with graphic power. The personal adventures and traditionary anecdotes are also valuable additions to the work. The style is chaste and terse, the narrative is told with clearness, embellished occasionally with a beauty of descriptive power that leads the reader on with unabating interest.

His Last Legs. A farce in two acts, by Wm. Bayle Bernard. No. 6 Minor Drama. New York, Wm. Taylor & Co. Those who have enjoyed the rich portraiture of Morgan Rattler as exhibited by Collins, the Irish comedian, will be glad to avail themselves of this amusing addition the Messrs. Taylor have made to their excellent selections of The Minor Drama.

Dr. Oldcook's Receipt Book, with notes for the Preservation of Health. Harper & Brothers. This is a very serviceable work, as it not only gives full directions for the proper preparation of food, but also the notes for the preservation of health will be found quite judicious in the domestic practice of medicine in the numerous ailments of children.

The Pilgrim Harper. A Song. Words by Samuel Lover, composed by S. C. Masset. Published by Atwill & Co., New York. This is a pleasing little production by Mr. Stephen C. Masset, and we doubt not will find an extensive circulation among the lovers of the ballad style of music. The composer has seized the spirit of Lover's poetry with a kindred genius. The song is beautifully got up by the publishers.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—The present week has been devoted to the benefits of the leading members of the Park company. This crowding performer's benefits into the consecutive nights of the week, at the close of the season, at a theatre too, where the "Star system" entirely nullifies the attractions of a stock company when left to their own resources, falls hard upon the actor of real talent, who toils through a whole season, merely as the supporter of stars, and Tyros, who twinkle as stars, and is then left on the night of his annual appeal to the limited patronage of private friends, or to the more limited consideration of a judicious few, in the play-going community, who feel it a duty to support an actor of real merit, albeit his name does not appear in the bills in large type.

The really talented artists at the Park, who presented themselves as beneficiaries during the week, have realized the truth of our remarks.—Mr. Bass, even with the aid of Mlle. Blangy, and the novelty of his own appearance for the first time in the character of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, failed to draw a large house, although no one will deny his sterling merits as an actor. His delineation of the wily Scotch Knight was exceedingly rich and artistical. Bass has, perhaps, more of the breadth and depth of the old school of acting than is possessed by any other actor now on the Park boards, and his style is therefore admirably adapted to the nervous, vigorous language of Macsycophant. The story of his rise and progress through life which he recites to Egerton, was a masterly piece of comic acting. Mr. Bass failed in imparting the pure doric dialect, inseparable to the full delineation of the character; but repetition would remedy this defect.

Mr. Dyott produced a new melo-dramatic piece, founded on Bulwer's novel of Eugene Aram. The piece is heavy, and being got up for a benefit night only, it perhaps did not receive that full justice it might otherwise have obtained at the hands of the performers. Mr. Austin Phillips appeared on this occasion, and was warmly received in a Patriotic song called Rough and Ready, lately composed by this popular vocalist. We were glad to see the hearty call Mr. Dyott received from his friends, and must do full justice to the sensible and modest speech he made on the occasion. Mr. Dyott has gradually, but steadily raised himself to a very enviable position on the Park stage. He is always a sound and safe actor, at times rising to positive excellence. We trust that he will long continue in his present situation.

Mr. Barrett presented his claims on Wednesday evening, calling in the aid of *the* Wallack, who played Charles in the School for Scandal, as only he can play it now, and to add to the attraction, Mr. Barrett attempted Sir Peter Teazle, a comparative failure, by the way, if an artist like Barrett can be said to fail in any part; and Bass for that night only as Sir Oliver Surface, a representation that was a real treat to every admirer of sterling acting, and yet, with all this attraction, a meagre audience only could be collected, and that for an actor whose praise is in every mouth. Mrs. Hunt congregated a host of popular names, John Sefton, Charles Howard, Mlle. Dimier, and Barney Williams.

Last evening Mr. George Andrews revived for his benefit Morton's comedy of the School for Reform, playing Tyke, which has long been considered one of his greatest characters. Mr. Andrews also produced a new burlesque, written by himself, called Punch—a *Judy Spree*—which if green-room report is to be depended on, is an extremely ingenious production. Mdll. Blangy takes her benefit this evening, and on Monday Mrs. Mason commences a short engagement, with her complimentary benefit on Friday evening next. We refer our readers to the card in our advertising columns for particulars of this affair, which from the list of names appended, bids fair to rival in brilliancy any other of the many complimentary benefits given in New York.

Bowery Theatre.—Mr. Booth.—This veteran actor and eccentric genius is playing a round of characters, with even more than his usual success.

Miss Catherine Wemyss, a daughter of F. C Wemyss, late manager of the Walnut St Theatre, Philadelphia, made a very successful debut, on Saturday last, at this Theatre, in the character of Pauline, in the Lady of Lyons. Miss Wemyss has not mistaken her vocation; she has a person, figure and voice, which as far as the mere *physique* of the art is concerned, will hereafter serve her in good stead. She has however the higher requisite of her newly adopted profession,—she reads well, and *naturally*; she evidently has a keen perception of the beauties of her author, and she has feeling and passion, those indispensable requisites of the actor. She needs practice and time to develope, successfully, all these qualifications, but we are much deceived, if time and practice do not make her a valuable acquisition to the stage. We heartily wish her all the success, her opening talents seem to indicate.

Chatham Theatre.—The long promised national drama was produced at this House on Monday evening, under the title of The Witch, or Legend of Kaatskill. The piece has proved sufficiently attractive to fill the house nightly during the week. The incidents are striking and dramatically worked up, and the language indicates considerable talent in the author.

The performers exerted themselves for the success of the piece, and the management has given it all the aid of scenic effect and decoration. We perceive that several favourite dramas are in the progress of revival. Mr. Deverna seems indefatigable in his management. This will at all times command success.

PARK THEATRE.

Boxes.....$1 00 Pit.....$0 50 Gallery.....$0 25

Doors open at 6½ o'clock, and the performances will commence at 7 o'clock.

Monday—First night of Mrs. Mason's engagement.
Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday—Second, third, and fourth nights of Mrs. Mason's engagement.
Friday—Mrs. Mason's complimentary benefit.
Saturday—Mr. John Fisher's benefit.
Monday—Ticket night.
Tuesday—Last night of the season. may 29.

MRS. MASON'S BENEFIT.

THE Complimentary Benefit to Mrs. Mason will take place on the evening of Friday, 4th June, at the Park Theatre.

Tickets can be obtained of any member of the Committee, or at the Box Office, at which place only seats are to be secured.

Prices.....Boxes $2.....Pit $1

Philip Hone,	George L. Schuyler,	Samuel Glover,
Hamilton Wilkes,	W. G. King,	John Tyler Brigham,
Wm. E. Laight,	Campbell P. White,	Herman Le Roy,
Robert Emmett,	O. Mauran,	William Edgar,
Ogden Hoffman,	David Austen, jr,	Joseph Blunt,
J. Prescott Hall,	David C. Colden,	H. G. Le Roy,
Denning Duer,	Charles Augustus Davis,	James Monroe,
James Thomson,	Wm. Henry Le Roy,	Charles L. Livingston,
Nathaniel Bloodgood,	Thomas Addis Emmett,	Delancy Kane,
H. LeRoy Newbold,	Eache McEvers,	Henry S. Hoyt,
Robert B. Morris,	Samuel B. Ruggles,	Alex'r. Hamilton, jr,
Mortimer Livingston,	Beverly Robinson,	Lewis M. Rutherford,
John Steward, Jr,	George Washington Costar,	Anthony L. Robertson,
Charles A. Clinton,	J. Beekman Finlay,	Henry Brevoort.

may 29—1t.

A YOUNG LADY (English) partly educated at Paris, wants a situation as Governess in a family where music, modern languages, and the usual branches of liberal education are sought. Letters addressed *pre-paid*, P. F. C., New York Post Office, from any part of the Union will be promptly answered, and such information given as may be required. may 29—3t*

DELMONICO'S HOTEL, Broadway, New York.—P. A. & L. Delmonico would respectfully inform their friends and the travelling public, that the additions to their new Hotel in Broadway, will be completed by the 10th of June, after which date they will be prepared to receive families, as well as single gentlemen, as heretofore. The Hotel is conducted in the European style. may 29—3m.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, ALBANY, May 14, 1847.

TO the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to an act entitled "An act to provide for the election of certain Judicial and other officers, and to fix the term of office," passed May 12, 1847, an election will be held on Monday, the 7th day of June, 1847, at which the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

Four Judges of the Court of Appeals of this State;
Four Justices of the Supreme Court in each of the eight Judicial Districts in the State;
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals;
Three Justices of the Super or Court of the City and County of New York;
Three Judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York;
A District Attorney of each County in the State;

Yours respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, May 18, 1847.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week, until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Rev. Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 146. may 29—3t.